

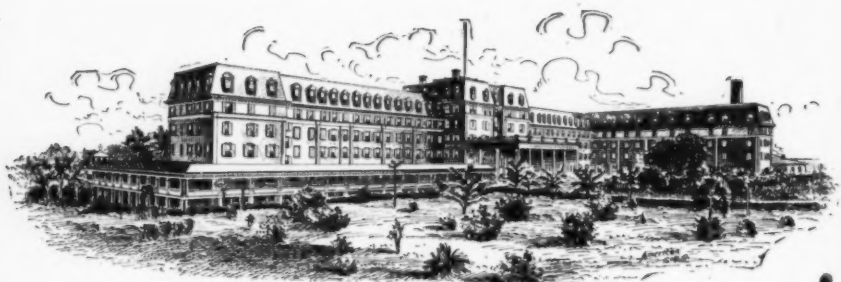
# The Redundancy of Spinster Gentlewomen.

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Seventh Series }  
Volume IX. }

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{ From Beginning }  
{ Vol. CCXXVII. }

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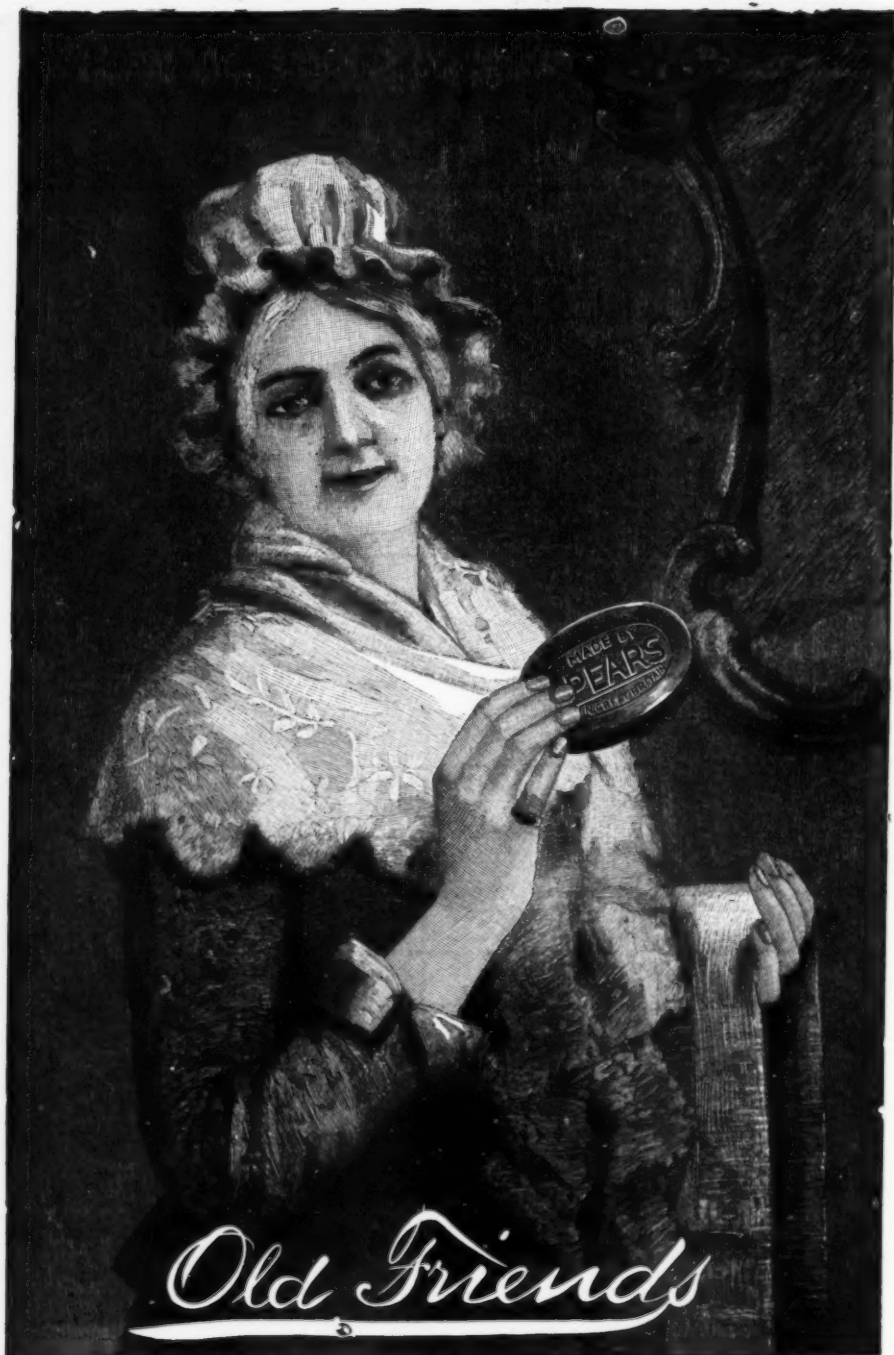
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## THE REDUNDANCY OF SPINSTER GENTLEWOMEN.\*

Among the many social questions of the day, which are exercising the imaginations and pens of our modern army of writers, there is one which seems latterly to have aroused considerable interest, especially in the feminine world. This is the alleged growing redundancy of unmarried gentlewomen in this country. In the present paper I propose to discuss (1) the asserted fact, (2) admitting the fact, the apparent or probable causes which have brought it about, and (3) whether this redundancy can be anywise remedied or diminished.

That there is a great and increasing numerical disproportion between the sexes in the *monde* of to-day, concomitantly with a certain decline of marriage, is without doubt a belief very widely disseminated. It is taken for granted in many of the women's periodicals. And we shall quote some statistical figures, which unquestionably seem to bear out the general impression, as to, at all events, the surplusage of unattached gentlewomen.

In an able paper contributed a few years ago to a leading monthly,<sup>1</sup> Miss

Clara Collet worked out some curious comparisons of sex numbers founded upon the census of 1881. At that time, it would appear, for every 100 males, there were in England and Wales 105, and in London as a whole, 112 females.<sup>2</sup> But in Kensington, a quarter of the metropolis where the well-to-do classes so largely congregate, the increased proportion of women is startling. Here (disregarding the decimals), between the ages of twenty and twenty-five in either sex, the percentage of females was 196, or nearly double the number of males. From twenty-five to thirty years of age, the ratio was 187, and between thirty and thirty-five it was 172 women to 100 men. Coming now to the relative numbers of married and unmarried women, we find that while over all England and Wales the spinsters *en masse* stood as 178 to 100 women married, in Kensington the disproportion rose to 256 per cent. Continuing the comparison of wedded and unwedded into groups per age, the figures become still more significant. For, while naturally in the first lustre after quitting their teens, our all-England maidens would still largely predominate over

\*The Modern Marriage Market (a Symposium). 2nd Edition. London: Hutchinson & Co.

<sup>1</sup> Prospects of Marriage for Women, by Clara E. Collet. XIXth Century, April, 1892.

<sup>2</sup> According to Mr. Holt Schooling, the 1891 Census gives the same number for London, but 106 females for England and Wales.



their married sisters—(the ratio was a little over two to one)—in Kensington they were 540 unved to 100 wives, or more than five to one.

Among those aged in the next decade, twenty-five to thirty-five years, the proportion, of course, takes a great jump down. Here it is only 134 spinsters for 100 married, but even so in this period of life the West End bachelor-women still considerably outnumber the married. In the succeeding crucial ten years, when a woman has reached middle life and, if single, has nearly exhausted her matrimonial expectations, the contrast between the spinsterhood of the country generally, and that of the Kensingtonian suburb is intensified. For during this age-term there were in England and Wales only twenty single women to every hundred wives, while in Kensington the proportion of the former was more than trebled, standing at 62 to 100 of the latter! These figures certainly seem to point to a serious disproportion of the sexes, or to other anomalous conditions, or to a mixture of both.

But these numerals do not, till we come to analyze them, represent the real import of the case, or the actual overplus of gentlewomen in the West End. Miss Collet clearly demonstrates that in the educated middle-class the surplus of women over men is far above the average. She takes Shoreditch and Bethnal Green in London as fairly representative of a working-class district without any upper middle-grade. In these two parishes, the proportions being almost alike for each, for every hundred married women there are only eleven to twelve spinsters. Now note the remarkable contrast in the West End. Of the population (270,000 in 1881) of Kensington, including Paddington, seventy per cent. are estimated to belong to the working-class. This leaves thirty per cent. of better-class families, with their domestic servants. But we saw above that this district contains

within the age of 35-45 sixty-two spinsters to every hundred married women. How many, then, of these sixty-two must we apportion to the upper and middle rank, and how many to the ranks below? We may put it thus. The Kensington wives stand in the ratio of seventy working-class to thirty of the higher class. Taking the Shoreditch figures for the operatives' grade, eleven and a-half single to 100 married, it results, roughly speaking, that to every seventy working-class wives in Kensington we may assign eight spinsters. Consequently, to the remaining thirty wives of the middle and gentle orders we must perforce assign the unmarried balance, that is 54 spinsters! So then, in the age between thirty-five and forty-five there are fifty-four single women inhabiting the Kensington district, to set against thirty of their sisters who have entered into wedlock. Even excluding count of the domestic servants, at that age the number of spinsters in the servant-employing (*i.e.*, the lower middle and upper middle) classes of Kensington exceeds the number of married women.

Take yet a further comparison—the relative number of bachelors and spinsters aged thirty-five to forty-five in different localities of our great metropolis. Shoreditch, a poor man's habitat, shows the numbers about equal. In the Stepney and Poplar quarters the men outnumber the women. Ascending in the social scale, the females of Islington are 165 per cent. of the males, in Camberwell 200, in Hackney 230. In Lewisham the percentage of women rises to 325, in Hampstead to 366; while in Kensington, the highest average, for every hundred unmarried men there are no less than 378 unmarried women.

Another curious fact is supplied by Miss Collet, bringing out the regrettable prevalence of early marriages among the poorer London folk. This is the percentage of girls married under twen-



ty-one years of age. In Hampstead these number only nine per hundred; in Kensington thirteen; while in Mile End Old Town and Bethnal Green, both resorts of the meaner sort, the proportion mounts respectively to twenty-six and thirty-five per hundred. The compiler of these statistics notices the complaint of some that self-supporting women are less attractive than they otherwise would be, but urges in fair retort that it is somewhat ridiculous "to expect a hundred women to devote their energies to attracting fifty men!"

Mr. Holt Schooling in his 1891 census enumerations gives us one or two further figures, which may interest the lady readers of these pages. Out of every thousand spinsters who marry, more than half do so between the ages of twenty and twenty-four. One-fourth of the thousand wed within the next five years, twenty-five to thirty. After thirty to this side of thirty-five, the number drops heavily, being only seventy-three per thousand. In the succeeding quinquennate it sinks to twenty-six; and after forty years of age there are but twenty spinsters in every thousand, or one in fifty, who reach matrimony. He further finds that bachelors ranging in age from twenty-five to thirty-four prefer to marry women between twenty and twenty-nine, while men aged from thirty-five to thirty-nine, and in the latter half of the fifties, incline to women ten years younger. So much for statistics.

One might quote many women-writers who accept the fact of the redundancy of women in the upper social strata of our country. We are, writes Lady Jeune, "a community where the female element is largely in excess of the male." "Take a middle-class family of girls," says Mrs. Flora Steel, "nice girls, good girls, pretty girls. Half of them cannot hope to marry." Over twenty years ago Mrs. Sutherland Orr, remarking on the then large class of supernu-

merary women and the increasing rarity of marriages, warned us that "the falling-off in the possible number of English husbands is itself a complex fact deeply rooted in the conditions of our modern English life." Another lady the Hon. Coralie Glynn, recently advanced the view "that Nature has her nuns as well as the Churches, and that these women are at present a largely increasing body." She rather hails the advent of "these Nature's nuns, this race of physically passive and of mentally neutralized women, which form such a feature of our modern womanhood." "In those Bee and Ant communities," she adds, "whose excellent laws are ever being held up for our admiration, we know that the neuters—i.e., the non-child-bearing insects—perform many of the most indispensable duties of the commonwealth. And may not our latter-day women draw a not unfitting parallel from them?"

Accepting, then, the fact of the redundancy of the female sex among our better classes, it almost follows as a corollary that marriage in these classes must be falling off. That is to say, the redundancy and the decline of marriage may be viewed as interdependent facts. And so we are led to ask ourselves the probable causes at the root of this dual disorder in the body politic, for that both these conditions constitute a grave social disorder and anomaly is hardly disputable. Most of us will agree with Sir Walter Besant that "everything is bad in an economic sense which tends to prevent marriage, it being the great safeguard of our national life."

There is, to begin with, the increasing dearth of marriageable males. In these days, young men of the better classes are finding it more and more difficult to get employment at home. Every father and mother of a family in the professional and upper-middle walks of life will tell you the same tale as to this.

Of our sons many go to India. Others in large numbers find their way to the colonies, where the average young gentleman from the fatherland seeking work may be thankful if he succeeds in earning one-half the wage of a skilled artisan. But go over sea he does all the same. And there he may remain for years or altogether; or should he float home again like a fragment of broken driftwood, as so many do, it is all one as far as his marriageable utilities to the community are concerned. For in the former case he is one male unit abstracted from society, and in the latter he only returns to his relations to swell the ranks of the "detrimentals," to whom matrimony is a barred luxury.

In this country, again, the rates of living and the style of living conventionally imposed upon the young Benedict are so high that the bachelor has now begun to count the cost and to abstain from offering himself in marriage. Besides, the competition for the various branches of work an educated gentleman starting in life cares to accept is enormous. The artistic avenues are all terribly overcrowded. Except for a successful few at the top there is barely a living, and that a precarious one, to be made out of literature, music, pictorial art or the stage. With the more part of the votaries of these callings, it is an incessant struggle for existence and daily bread. Barristers are largely briefless, and can seldom reckon on obtaining a marriageable competency till well on into middle life. The clergy are worse off still, though somehow they manage to wive on the most attenuated resources, partly on the plea (which is probably in a measure true) that the usefulness of a parish pastor is enhanced by his being wed. Young gentlemen employees of the Government offices are notoriously an impecunious class. And so for the most part are the officers of the army and navy.

Their habits of life, too, are unhappily much more costly than their scanty pay, plus allowances from parents, warrants; and they are constantly being moved about from place to place, which means heavy expenses to the married. Consequently they of the "Services" are compelled usually to eschew matrimony and prefer to amuse themselves with the maidens of the many well-placed families into which they are bid welcome; or preferentially with the younger married sirens, whose "at homes" largely depend for their success upon the presence of these wearers of Her Majesty's uniform. Moreover, it is being sorrowfully brought home to us that in modern warfare this our country may have to sustain heavy and disproportionate losses among the flower of its manhood, which again is a factor affecting the marriageable ratio of the sexes. Probably the lawyers, doctors and what are known as "business men," stockbrokers, accountants, bank officials, partners and managers in mercantile houses, and such like, soonest amass money, and are most addicted to matrimony. But, at best, it results that a large proportion of the males of the more cultured class in these isles find the stress of their requirements for maintenance such that marriage is out of their reach, except they light upon a woman possessed of substantial means of her own. "The higher standard of comfort," writes Lady Jeune, a well-known authority on social topics, in the treatise named at head of this article, "which modern society requires, without any superfluities, makes marriage more difficult than formerly."

Another point which makes for bachelorhood is the elaboration of the modern system of club life. Living in apartments, with all the conveniences, not to say luxuries, of his club, or even with the cuisine of any of the superior restaurants available in our larger towns, our young professional gentle-

man with a very moderate income can command a good average of comfort. In an age when dining has been elevated into a fine art, and public resorts of amusement are multiplied, he has acquired the critical tastes of a *bon vivant*, and a craving for out-of-home diversion, into the nature of some of which it is perhaps best not to pry too closely. An income triple or quadruple what he now spends on himself as a bachelor sybarite would hardly suffice to run a married establishment on the same easy plane of luxurious *bien-être*. For, the irreducible minimum demanded of the Society married man in the way of ménage is costly; and even within the last few years, says an authoritative London daily, "manners have changed, and the love of pleasure and luxury has grown with the rapidity of Jack's beanstalk." The Horatian maxim—*Quae virtus et quanta sit vivere parvo*—may be all very well to preach to rustics and the meaner folk, but who of the well-to-do in these days live up to it?

All this, it is clear, operates against the modern gentle-spinster, and tends to reduce the available supply of men likely to ask her in marriage. It is in fact too true, as a lady put it to me the other day with much point—that in our class of life "there are not prospective husbands enough, even indifferent ones, to go round." Hence ensue two results among the young women. One is an intense competition to secure male partners, which is bad both for the competitor and the competed for; the latter over-appraising himself and prone to lose not only his head but his manners. The other result is seen in those ladies who for one reason or another fall in the competition. These are given to put on an affectation of exaggerated independence, an air of indifference to what the male sex may think of them by way of self-defence to cover their failure.

Mainly out of these causes, it seems probable, has sprung the modern ath-

letic young woman of the leisured classes, almost wholly given up to outdoor pastimes of a more or less robust and muscular character. In despair of shining socially on her feminine side, or from malaise, or what not—in a few cases perhaps from an unnatural preponderance of the sheer masculine in her blood—she casts aside the usual role of woman, and tries to take on that of the other sex. Moreover, it is to be noted by the observant that this silly assimilation of male manners and male sports is more cultivated among the young damsels whose personal attractions are not their strong point, and who have troubled themselves little with genuine feminine accomplishments. Most of the portrait-groups of specially athletic women one sees in the pictorial periodicals illustrate this. In fact the very exercise of muscular achievements suitable only for men has the effect of hardening and roughening the feminine exterior; while it is too often associated with a strident voice, a self-assertive manner, a brusque and abrupt address to malekind, and a general lapse of attractiveness. All of which attributes tend to damp a man's matrimonial intents, and to throw him back into the inmost recesses of his bachelor shell. For it is perfectly palpable that there is a large following of women in the *classes* as distinguished from the *masses*, who are departing more and more from that lovable type of woman which has been so dear to mankind in all past ages of the world. So that here we have yet another factor operating, we may feel sure, against the chances of matrimony to so many of the smart young women of to-day. To this point we will return presently.

Thus far, then, we have dealt with marriage from the modern male's point of view, and have seen why it is he has become shyer of proposing himself for partnership with the "new" young gentlewoman. We will now consider the

matter from the platform of the woman herself, as she is interpreted by certain of her sex, cultivated and informed women, who have written most about her.

Three main causes of the alleged growing distaste on the part of women for the risks and responsibilities of marriage are stated by female writers to be these. (1) The increased liberty, individualism, and choice of careers, accorded to the sex, make them less disposed to merge their freedom in matrimony. (2) The deterioration of the average Society man, the inanity of his talk to women, his self-absorption, his lack of urbanity to the other sex, and so forth. (3) The asserted decay of the love sentiment, the disparagement of marriage and of the home ideals, the general dethronement of the Lares.

As to the present-day independence of the better-class women, we have abundant and incessant testimony. "We agree," says Lady Jeune, distinctly a believer in the modern young gentlewoman, "that women are much more mannish than formerly; and that has grown out of the greater freedom and independence they now enjoy. It may have taken away some of the dependence and softness of women, but it has given them a strong individuality, strong opinions. . . . Girls think and act for themselves." Further, touching the effect of this upon matrimony, "Every year the increased independence which girls enjoy and the feeling of the time in which they live, make them less anxious to marry, or to marry so early."

"Girls are now highly educated," writes the Countess of Malmesbury, "so far as book-learning can make them so; they are allowed freedom undreamt of twenty years ago, and the superficial knowledge of life they thus acquire is one of the most dangerous elements in their present condition. An attitude of independence, an indisposition to listen

to advice, combined with total ignorance of the real situation they are bent on creating for themselves, is a spectacle which would be ludicrous if it were not melancholy to those who know by experience the difficulties which beset a woman's life, even under most favored conditions." Authority, she adds, is "admittedly obsolete."<sup>4</sup>

At the 1898 Conference of Women Workers, Mrs. Rendall spoke of the recent wider opportunities and the higher education in which women have so fully shared. "This change," she says, "in circumstances and outlook—increased liberty and enlarged range of professions—is common to girls of all classes." "But," observes Mrs. Frances Steinthal at the same Conference, "the general outcry to-day from our large towns is that the girls will not be interested in good works, that they will not sacrifice themselves for the good and happiness of others less favored than themselves." "The surplus of females in the population," says Miss Sproule, an Inspector to the West Riding County Council, "has forced on women in all ranks the necessity of working for their daily bread. . . . The old idea that a woman's goal is marriage is fast disappearing." According to Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon, "it is, primarily, the almost complete downfall of Mrs. Grundy that makes the modern spinster's lot in many respects an eminently attractive one. Formerly girls married in order to gain their social liberty; now, they more often remain single in order to bring about that desirable consummation."

Next, as to the alleged deterioration of the modern median and upper-class male. Truth compels us to admit that here the female complainant has something by way of a grievance, though it may be a pertinent question how far she is herself responsible for the falling-off in the old-world politeness. In a

<sup>2</sup> *The Modern Marriage Market*, pp. 80-82.

<sup>4</sup> *The Modern Marriage Market*, pp. 161-2.

former number of this Review I ventured to descant upon the latter-day decay of manners in English society, including those of our younger men towards the other sex.\* What was then said it is only too easy to reinforce.

Miss Hepworth Dixon claims among the reasons why women are ceasing to marry, the more critical attitude of her sex towards their masculine contemporaries. The present generation of young women, she asserts, are apt to perceive in their suitors certain

Of the least endearing qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race; those qualities, it may be whispered, which, though eminently suitable for the making of empire, are not always entirely appreciated on the domestic hearth. . . . At present we are in a transition stage, and there is now-a-days a certain amount of misunderstanding between sexes which makes marrying and giving in marriage a somewhat hazardous enterprise.

The force of this indictment, however, is a little broken by the subsequent remark: "This shyness at being caught in the matrimonial net is largely a characteristic of the modern English maiden, for widows, like widowers, usually show an extraordinary eagerness to resume the fetters of the wedded state." The modern male, after all then, must prove in general a satisfactory mate, else why should the widow, after her experience of him, be so keen as to re-entree herself with the fetters, and re-embark upon the hazards, of wedlock.

An American lady, writing some time back in the Nineteenth Century, tells us she considers young English gentlemen greatly inferior to their transatlantic congeners in respect of deferential politeness shown to women, but in all that goes to make up the polished gentleman, the faithful true-hearted friend,

she prefers the typical middle-aged, elderly Englishman. Strange to say we find that arch-priestess of female emancipation, who gave us "The Heavenly Twins," decrying the university graduate, while eulogizing in contrast the military type of young man. From her it comes as the unexpected to learn of the latter that

To the women of his own family he is usually charming. . . . His favorite pursuits are refined; he abhors low company, and is not, as a rule, to be found in bars, public billiard rooms, or music halls. When he does appear at such places he remembers that he is a gentleman. . . . His education has generally been sound . . . but whatever his attainments, he is modest about them. . . . Both in public and private he is a more agreeable person to deal with than the academic man. . . . He has his deficiencies. . . . But whatever his short-comings, if only he extended to women at large the chivalrous consideration he shows to the women of his own family, there would be very little fault to find with him. . . . One could wish for all young men something of the soldier's training.

I fear this is not the estimate of the British *militaire* most in vogue with the female trumpeters of their sex's claims. Though possibly the splendid heroism of our officers and soldiers so recently exhibited in warfare may have somewhat opened their eyes to his virtues.

There remains our third alleged plea adverse to marriage, the discrediting of the Penates combined with a certain aloofness from the old-fashioned love-ideal now affected by the modern gentlewoman. A well-known writer on women's work, Miss Frances Low, has described the decay of domesticity with much force and candor.

It is the fashion now-a-days to regard the special kind of work which only a woman can do supremely well, and surpass a man in the doing, with dislike

\* See Article "The Vaunts of Modern Progress" —Scottish Review, July, 1898, pp. 101-2.



and contempt, and to magnify the achievements, in which women manage to keep a footing, with no particular consequence to the welfare of mankind or progress. The *domestic* woman has become a term of reproach with a certain section of women, who have not the wit or the grace to see that the perfect mistress of a house has faculties, qualities and talents, as fine, as rare and as valuable to the race, as those manifested in any other notable department of intelligent human activity.

This contempt of the most important of womanly arts has inevitably influenced all classes of Society, and the present serious domestic service problem is due in a great measure, I have no hesitation in asserting, to the attitude which has been taken up by educated women, and which is tacitly maintained in every High School throughout the Kingdom, where athletic sports of the most pronounced masculine description are now accounted part of the education of English girlhood, whilst cookery, sewing, and the housewifely arts, which every woman, no matter what her social position, is upon occasion required to know, have no place in the time-tables.\*

"The period of the highest female culture in England," says Mrs. Orr, "was certainly not that in which women were least devoted to domestic work. . . ." "The wider spread of education and the ambitions which it creates tend visibly to the worse or more unwilling performance of all the lower kinds of work." The New Woman movement, wrote the late Mrs. Lynn Linton,

Is due to the new conditions of society and domestic economy, whereby restlessness has been created, and the home occupations which once absorbed the sex have been superseded by general and special providers. Thus the home naturally becomes monotonous, and girls and married women stream out of it to the club and the shop for the excitement home cannot afford them.

\* Profitable Employments for Educated Women. The Woman at Home, May, 1890.

. . . Women cry out in two languages. On the one side they fall foul of the work that falls to the lot of their sex, the house-keeping, the child-bearing and subsequent care of the children, without which life could not go on at all, nor society hold together. On the other, they demand to share in all the occupations of men.

"The domesticated and home-loving woman," wrote Lady Violet Greville near the middle of the present decade, "is now a thing of the past, and home life *par excellence* is extinct." "In the house of life," says Mrs. Devereux, "there is only an attic now for Cupid, instead of a great wide room. . . . In the original woman, the impulse toward motherhood was spontaneous and almost invariable." But now, "hampered by her enormous majority, the English maid has no certainty of an eventual maternity, even if she desired it, which she frequently does not." "Love," writes a clever lady-novelist ("George Paston") "may once have been a woman's whole existence, but that was when a skein of embroidery silk was the only other string to her bow. In the life of the modern woman, blessed with an almost inexhaustible supply of strings, love is no less episodal than in the life of a man. It may be eagerly longed for, it may be tenderly cherished, but it has been deposed from its proud position of 'lord of all.'"

It will be seen by the reader that I have so far confined myself to women's utterances about women, as being more convincing to the majority of the sex than what might be deemed the biased views of men. Not, however, that men have been silent on the subject, or blind to the modern influences adverse to matrimony in the leisured classes. A well-known Italian writer, Guglielmo Ferrero, has given us his ideas thereupon in his recent work, "L'Europa Giovane." The emancipated modern Englishwoman, belonging to a sort of "terzo



sesse" or third neuter sex, as he styles it, is finding marriage more and more difficult. The class of voluntary celibates, male and female, is, he thinks, assuming alarming proportions. The increasing preponderance of the spinster in Anglo-Saxon society strikes Signor Ferrero as a fact of the gravest significance. The competitor who now meets man at every turn is a creature like the working bee, in whom the desire to be a wife or a mother has been atrophied.<sup>7</sup>

'English Society,' as he caustically puts it, will probably differentiate itself into two classes with different functions: one of women designed for the humble duty of preserving the species; the other of sexless creatures, intelligent, learned, industrious, but barren, living solely by the brain, with heart and senses petrified. Thus, the higher education of women, far from completing man's felicity, and adding a new splendor to the solution of the problem of love, will be a cause of fresh disappointment, bitter conflicts, and worse complications.

Note that this writer and Coralle Glynn, while agreeing as to the rise of this new class of sexless-minded women, differ materially in their appreciation of them.

We have reached, then, in this discussion, the following conclusions: That there is an increasing surplusage in this country of spinster gentlewomen: That there have been a recent evolution and growth of certain currents in that social rank running counter to marriage and thus tending to enlarge this surplusage.

And now we will hark back to that other factor, of which I have already spoken, and which, assuredly, must and does count in this direction among the better-class British bachelorhood. Yet

it is something curious that so little notice has been taken of this matrimonial handicap by our modern writers on the feminist movement. Quite lately, however, it has been in a manner connoted by one lady treating of that section of her sex who give themselves chiefly to athletic pastimes. To be sure, her main contention is the injurious effects, mental and physical, that are bound to ensue from the prevailing excess of athletics among young gentlewomen. But between the lines of her admirable essays on the subject one reads also the inevitable dethronement of the true womanly ideals, the lowering effect upon man's worship of his goddess, and a certain loss of attractiveness which such women must suffer in the eyes of manly men. And so, all unconsciously perhaps, our *Mulier Musculosa* is placing another barrier between herself and her chances of matrimony. The outburst of athletics among the middle and gentlemanly circles, is scarcely over a dozen years old. But meantime it has so bitten these classes that apart from the present war troubles little is talked, little is done, little has a chance of being cared for, among them, save muscular sports of one kind or another. Boisterous bodily exertion is enshrined in the modern young lady's creed and ambitions, as at once "the correct thing" and the chief thing in life worth living for. Of this insane muscle-worship we see not yet the ultimate consequences; but Miss Arabella Kenealy, doctor of medicine, with a large grasp of the subject and a potent pen, has diagnosed the disease and its mischievous results in a marvellously convincing manner.

In the first of her two essays on "Woman as an Athlete," which recently appeared in the columns of the *Nineteenth Century*, Miss Kenealy begins by asking certain pregnant questions concerning "this flood of new activity which fills our illustrated papers with portraits of feminine prize-winners, and

<sup>7</sup> . . . "potremmo paragonare" he says, "questa classe di donne alle api operaie-sesso neutro di femmine in cui gli organi sessuali si sono atrofizzati" . . . p. 321.

our sporting journals with female records." She proceeds to show that in endeavoring inordinately to add to her muscle-power, the modern woman is doing so at the expense of her womanly faculties. Her athletic pastimes have not conduced to her usefulness, nor has her new physical energy been expended in the service of her associates. "The energy but urges her to greater muscular efforts in the pursuit of pleasure, or to her own repute." In the old days the average young woman accomplished much that was unambitious but most practically useful in the house. Now she finds no time for any of these ministrations. She considers herself "splendidly fit," "as hard as nails," but her mother, "though she rejoices in her young Amazon's augmented thews and sinews," cannot but sigh for the loss to the home. Unfortunately, materfamilias misconstrues the daughter's muscle capability as evidence of improved health, and while she laments its results, regards it as her maternal duty to be glad. But here Dr. Arabella Kenealy bluntly steps in and disturbs the mother's complaisance. For she says:—

It is a physiological fact that muscle vigor is no test even of masculine health. A man in training, a man that is at the height of his muscular capacity, is the worst of all subjects for illness. He has little or no resistant power; his recuperative quality is small. Athletes die proverbially young. . . . And this, which is true of the sex whose province it is to be muscular, is essentially more true of the sex whose province it is not.

Miss Kenealy next shows how this muscle-cult deteriorates the woman in more ways than one.

"I dare but hint," she says, "at a group of important functions, by the physical deterioration and decadence of which the abnormal activities of modern women are alone possible. Of

what consequence, it may be asked, is this to a race which views motherhood with ever-increasing contempt? Of vital consequence, I answer, seeing that apart absolutely from the incidence of motherhood, all the functions of the body—and some in immense degree—influence and modify the mind and character. . . . And it must be understood that such decadence and deterioration show mainly in the loss of the very highest qualities of sex."

This is plain speaking, but coming as it does from a lady and a physician, such a warning should be no light matter of reflection for the class of women who seem to glory in breaking the physiological bounds of their sex. "One cannot possess," says our essayist, "all the delicately evolved qualities of woman together with the muscular and mental energies of man." Of course not, albeit *Mulier Musculosa* and her abettors would make us believe she can. "This modern woman, who, instead of serving for a terrible warning, is in danger of proving her sex's example, is restless, clamorous, is only satisfied when in evidence, is assertive, and withal is eminently discontented. She never can get enough, for the reason that the thing she asks is not the thing to satisfy her nature." The up-to-date female is losing "her power of sympathy, a quality which is in the inverse ratio of the habit of assertiveness." And assertiveness, says Miss Kenealy, is the blemish of the modern woman. "The haze and color" of the higher womanly emotions—sympathy to understand, affection to be fond, imagination to idealize—"are being absorbed into mere violence of movement physical and mental." How absolutely true all this is, how self-evident to most of us, yet how purblind to it seems the average young society woman, intent only upon qualifying to be "excellent woman-fellow" to man by mimicking his outdoor sports, even rough-and-tumble ones, and upon consti-

tuting herself as we have seen, "hard as nails."

Dr. Kenealy lays special stress upon the injury to women's physique and aspect produced by the muscular over-exercise in fashion among them to-day, and urges her point with a frankness and emphasis a man could hardly venture to adopt in discussing such a theme. She is contrasting a new-muscular representative of her sex with what the same girl was a year or two before, when as yet she had not physically hardened herself. Then "her complexion was sensitive and variable;" there was a mysterious and nameless something about her only to be described as "charm." Now, she is still perhaps a good-looking girl; her complexion is possibly too strong in its contrasting tones; her glance is unswerving and direct.

Where before her beauty was suggestive and elusive, now it is defined. . . . The haze, the elusiveness, the subtle suggestion of the face are gone; it is the landscape without atmosphere. . . . She inclines to be, and in another year will be, distinctly spare, the mechanism of movement is no longer veiled by a certain mystery of motion which gave her formerly an air of gliding rather than of striding from one place to another. In her evening gown she shows evidence of joints which had been adroitly hidden beneath tissues of soft flesh, and already her modiste has been put to the necessity of puffing and pleating, where Nature had planned the tenderest and most dainty of devices. Her movements are muscular and less womanly. Where they had been quiet and graceful, now they are abrupt and direct. Her voice is louder, her tones are assertive. She says everything—leaves nothing to the imagination.

Could anything well beat this for a portrait to the life? It is unmistakable. We have the woman before us in

all the panoply of mannish mail with which she has encrusted herself.

In a second article, Arabella Kenealy emphasizes with further telling illustrations the points she had previously made. She distinguishes in woman's anatomy between the *voluntary* muscles the athletic woman is so desirous to develop, and the *involuntary*, and explains how the latter "are worked by means of an extensive nervous network known as the sympathetic nervous system." This nerve-system it is—

Which determines the beautiful and wonderful evolvment of the girl into a woman. . . . The straight up-and-down lines of the girlish frame, which subserved the locomotive energies essential to growth, evolve into graceful curves and dignities. Her eyes are illumined with a new and tender light.

"Now," she says, "watch this development thwarted by athletics. . . . Instead of a regeneration there is a degeneration. Instead of physical enrichment there is but physical impoverishment. She loses the charm of childhood without gaining another. She remains unlovely or grows coarse. She stops short at the puerile stage with the straight up-and-down lines of the puerile type, or she assumes the stout and sturdy, it may be gross, lines which are a degeneration from it. And it is this puerile type, or the degeneration from it, which is increasing largely among our modern women."

Those of us with seeing eyes have long taken note of this from the female object-lessons around us.

The foolishness of women's muscular ambitions is thus further enforced.

When Nature had given impetus sufficient for the girl's bones and muscles in those earlier years of unrestrained activity, she set a check upon these by investing her with special disabilities—the added width and weight of hip, for example, which (when these exist, must always be a bar to muscular achieve-

ment. For Nature had other uses than merely muscular for this fine beautiful creature she had proudly evolved—moral, spiritualizing, tender, and dainty uses wherein muscular abilities have little portion.

The woman who has assumed the masculine variation from the puerile stage of life may be an "excellent fellow," but as a feminine human creature she is a failure. She has not reached her proper full development. "She will never be the inspiration of any man's life."

Nevertheless, Miss Kenealy is careful to say that in itself she has no objection to the bicycle for women, as a means of taking air and wholesome exercise. Where, she says, the danger lies, is that this locomotor is apt to convert itself into a hobby-horse, which may ride its master, and still more its mistress, to physical destruction. So, of course, with other more distinctively manly pastimes which our modern women are misguided enough to take up. The significance of the old Greek phrase—*φέρεισθαι ἔκτος τῶν λαῶν*, to race beyond the olives—is lost sight of. Too often, whatever the form of bodily exertion, they will go too far.

Our author points this moral, too, by suggesting from concrete examples in her own experience the superiority of the offspring of women of the quiet, emotional, but intensely feminine type over those of the more muscular and more robust mothers who have rejoiced in "that robustness which is degeneration from the womanly type." . . . "The muscular reformer sees as woman's highest goal her capacity for doing things that men do, whereas her true value lies in her capacity for doing things men cannot do." This is admirably put, and one would have thought a self-evident truth. For, as she otherwise points out, "masculinity not being proper to women, is a thing with no relation to the fine thing called manliness,

as effeminacy in a man is no very noble rendering of the noble thing called womanliness."

"Finally," says Miss Kenealy, "one grows ashamed and weary of the perpetual vaunt of emergence and emancipation. Now for the first time we are Women—free to use our down-trampled powers—is our modern boast; whereas, if the truth be told, we are in no way nobler, finer or more suited to our age than were the women who have gone before us."

Elsewhere Dr. Arabella Kenealy is to the full as emphatic. She is deeply disappointed that the so-called woman's movement should have resolved itself mainly into a cult of muscularity. The athletic female, instead of using her modern privileges for the evolvement and enrichment of her womanhood, has devoted them "to the development of the masculine within her." She cannot expend two-thirds of her nerve-forces upon her muscles, and yet have more than a third left for other faculties. We are told, says Miss Kenealy, that the modern English girl has grown tall as well as muscular, and has made a distinct approach in figure to the male model. "The new type of English girl," says one of her champions, "owes her increased height to an increased length of leg," whereas anatomists have always taught us that "a woman's legs should be shorter in proportion to her height than are a man's legs. . . . Her proportions are now very nearly the same as those of a man."

To this opponent, Arabella Kenealy aptly replies:

Had this writer been a physiologist, he would have known that so marked a change as he describes, and which has, in fact, occurred, could only have happened at the expense of loss elsewhere. We cannot acquire the characteristics of men without losing our own. It would not be just that one sex should possess the capabilities of both. And

it is from degeneration of her especial physical organization that woman has acquired the greater length of limb. . . . It is the duty—and should be the cherished privilege—of women to hold some of their forces in reverent reserve. . . . This she can never do by expending all her forces in athletics, or in social exhaustion, or in spolling that especial organization which alone enables her to advance the human type.

Miss Kenealy<sup>\*</sup> declares she has "never known any woman who, after two years of athletics, retained any pretension whatsoever to charm." . . . "The athletic woman (and by the term I mean women accustomed to strong, but not necessarily extreme exercise) passes through the human epochs of love-making, marriage and motherhood with the most astounding insensibility. She has lost her capacity for idealizing."

Thus and thus argues Arabella Kenealy with trenchant directness, and in a literary style at once powerful, dignified and impressive. I cannot recall anything that has been written on the modern mannish woman so searching in its exposure of her foolishness, or more instinct with sober, sane, practical truth. It were well if a short digest of the dicta from which we have quoted could be printed, framed and hung up over the toilette-table of every young woman of the better classes in the English-speaking world. For our modern masculine-feminine sees not yet the aftermath of her athletic antics. "No me digas oliva, hasta que me veas cogida," shrewdly runs the Spanish proverb; and it may be a generation or more ere the full fruitage of her cult of muscularity is made manifest. What then is the bearing of the foregoing views of our lady-doctor on the present unnatural surplusage of spinster gentlewomen? Manifestly, that our "hard as nails" girls of to-day are handicapping

themselves for betrothal no less than for matrimony. In a sense they have turned themselves into monstrosities. They fall short of being men, and do not attain to being, in the proper lovable acceptation, women. It is well nigh impossible for a man to make a lode-star of a woman of the modern muscular type. A distinguished London daily gauged the situation accurately in a leader on Miss Kenealy's first article.

"Men," we there read, "have not dared for a long time past to explain why it was that, while they held out the right hand of friendship to the 'jolly good fellow' into whom some other man's sister had developed as the result of bicycling and golfing, they still had hidden regrets for the dear delightful woman she might have been had she just clung to the duties and pleasures that sufficed to fill her mother's life. . . . They took these new healthy girls as good friends, and cycled with them, and played golf with them, and they never dreamt of marriage except when they were alone, and took to exercising their imagination. Then they remembered what their elders had told them, or let them guess, of the delights of wooing a maiden in the old days, and all the dear uncertainties."\*

The younger men in society, following the passing fashion, may affect interest for a time in your girl-votaries of muscular games, and occasionally be drawn into marrying them, but deep down in his heart of hearts the manly man knows well enough that it is not with the Amazon or tomboy class of woman that his sympathies lie.

Amazonia, too, herself knows there is something wrong, and has a shrewd uneasy suspicion that her man-comrade is more and more shirking matrimony; and that consequently spinster gentlewomen are an increasing quantity. But

\* Woman as Athlete, by Arabella Kenealy, L. R. C. P. Daily Telegraph, 17th June, 1890.

\* Morning Post, 31st March, 1890.



touching the muscle cult she is somewhat myopic, and does not suspect her own attitude to him and the incongruity of her pursuits as anywise responsible for the situation. She fancies her physical stature has increased, and so she thinks to herself what Rosalind (for a temporary purpose) says to Celia in "As You Like It."

Were it not better  
Because that I am more than common  
tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a  
man?  
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my  
heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear  
there will—  
We'll have a swashing and a martial  
outside,  
As many other mannish cowards have  
That do outface it with their semblances.

There is little doubt many of our modern Antioques and Marpesias would, if only fashion led the way, return to woman's masculine mimicry of the days of Imperial Rome, when gentle-born ladies were wont to patronize charioteering and gladiatorial pastimes. Efforts have been made by certain emulous ladies to annex for their sex the game of polo, but this supreme folly has so far been spared us. Fencing among them, it seems, is growing in popularity, and some of us may live to see a New Woman's *pentathlon* introduced as the natural evolution from women's cricket, hockey, football and the like. The feminine passion for athletics in Juvenal's time synchronized with woman's emancipation from restraints and with a decline in marriage, which last became unfashionable among the wealthier classes. The Latin satirist comes hard down on the lady athlete, who goes in for feats of strength and flies from her sex (*quae fugit a sexu*). We see her wrappers of Tyrian purple; her un-

guents; the gladiatorial belt, gauntlets, crest and half-covering for the left leg; which she has assumed. We hear the blows she inflicts on the training post as she goes through her pancratic exercises. "Aspice quo fremitu" exclaims the poet, "monstratos perferet ictus." ("See with what a cry she drives home the thrusts that have been shown her.") Truly, he adds, a woman most worthy of the trumpet of the Floralia! Could we not lay hands to-day upon scores, ay hundreds, of young matrons and maidens, whose ambitions are pretty much summed up in the trumpeting of our modern Floralia, or, let us say, Olympia? These are they, a numerous band, who would fain wear the lion's skin of Herakles, and are forever seeking some new Pindar of the periodicals to sing paeans to their muscular achievements.

Even that eminently fair-minded publicist, Mr. Lecky, in his latest work, "The Map of Life: Conduct and Character," is constrained to admit (p. 228) "that amusements which have no kind of evil effect on men often in some degree impair the graces or character of women," and that one sex cannot with impunity try to live the life of the other.

What then can one suggest by way of antidote or check in some measure to the growing redundancy of spinsters in our upper and middle grades of society?

Much assuredly might be done by more serious efforts to set up agencies whereby our unmarried gentlewomen might be induced, without losing caste, to emigrate to our Imperial dependencies, where the cultured male element is at present enormously in excess of the female. Much again—and this is a real practical possibility lying at our hand—might be effected by a reform in the super-sumptuary habits of the day already descanted upon; by a return, in short to households and menages conducted with more simplicity and econ-



omy. "Let life be simplified all round," a lady writer has sensibly put it. "Let early marriages on modest incomes become the rule and not the exception," as they used to be, and they still are in the lower middle ranks of society. But, for this to be effective the set of custom and the seal of fashion must lean that way; of which at present there is no sign, but mischievously the reverse. For to-day we are most of us in thrall to the fetish "that one must live up to the times, or to one's neighbors, or to one's social obligations and what is expected of us."

And lastly, if she would diminish the disproportionate bachelorhood of the country, the young damsel of the better classes must turn over a new leaf, and in her thoughts, words and works give some heed, not alone to the advice of the maturer and more discerning of her own sex, but likewise to the average man's opinion of her. The wisest woman, says a distinguished author, is she who suspects that men are wiser. As to some things this is probably a true saying, notably in respect of the male instinct concerning the manner of mate he would desire to live his life with. At present, the ordinary man regards the Amazonian girl of epicene tendencies rather as one views a freak of nature, only that the freak in this case is not Nature's, but an artificial social product. He looks at her critically, sorrowfully, while in the matter of matrimonial leanings towards her he too often holds his peace and goes his way. It may be, could he get behind her mannish mask, the starved modicum of genuine woman within her might reveal itself, and be weaned back to tread the dear old paths of enchantment. But she cannot have her bread buttered on both sides. She must not expect to go in for

the role of the male, and yet exact his deference or win his devotion.

I say our girls of the social midlands and higher levels must reconsider their position and their ways, if they would check one of the contributory causes of the augmenting bachelorhood and spinsterhood within their ranks. The frantic pursuit of mere outdoor personal amusement must be abandoned. The delights of hockey, with its occasional incidents of bandaged heads, broken teeth and bruises must be left to the virile sex which has to do for the most part the rough-and-tumble work of the world. The feebleness of adult girls' cricket, their farcical attempts at football, the overstrain of their bicycling (not its moderate use), with all the diverse forms of sport and muscular exertion unsuited to the female, and so constantly overdone, must be discarded. And still there will remain for the sex healthful outdoor recreation in plenty. Manners must be mended. The use of men's slang; sporting and stable talk; the growing habit of ladies smoking,<sup>10</sup> the mannish stride, the swagger, the knock-you-down demeanor, the strident, self-assertive voice tones—all must go. The sweetness and refinements, the sympathetic atmosphere, the graciousness and grace, of woman's genuine nature—after our mothers' pattern—must return into favor. That this will come about before our new century is half over I firmly believe. The swing of the social pendulum will by that time have done its work. Woman travestying as athlete, like the New Woman of evolution and of bygone revolutions, has not come to stay. She will pass; and her sisters of the future will look back and marvel what bad dream it was which for a while possessed so many of the sex. For men's views of woman must,

<sup>10</sup> From the latest literature about ladies' clubs in London, we learn that there is one which boasts a special smoking room where a lady can ask a male guest to smoke a cigar with her.

And most of these clubs, it seems, provide a smoking-room for their members. Lady Jeune has recently noted with deprecation the growth of smoking among 'smart' women.

in the long run, tell, and help to bring to her self-sufficiency, but to her beauty  
 her back to ways of sense and sanity. and gentleness and amiability and daintiness, till the heavens fall and the sea  
 And men's impassioned regards will gives up its dead.  
 ever turn, not to her muscularity, not

*The Scottish Review.*

*T. P. W.*

### BALLADE OF THE CANTERBURY ROAD.

Through woods in shimmering mist of green,  
 By streams where rushes rustling sway,  
 O'er swelling down and dale between  
 Through festival and holiday,  
 And all the mirth of wakening May,  
 With hedges wrapped in hawthorn snow,  
 Rings out the chime of chaunting gay;  
 Sweet pilgrims' songs of long ago.

Ah! joyous group! right little teen,  
 I warrant, had ye by the way;  
 Small cause for heart-ache, wrath, or spleen,  
 Mid ballad, round, and sweet virolai  
 That echoed through the lanes all day  
 And rang through sunset's fading glow,  
 Or woke the lark when dawn was gray;  
 Sweet pilgrims' songs of long ago.

And though long since ye all have been  
 Thrust in the loveless dust away,  
 Though earth five hundred springs hath seen  
 And all their pageanted array,  
 Since rhymed your merriment and play  
 To chiming bits of palfreys slow,  
 Your songs still hold grim Time at bay,  
 Sweet pilgrims' songs of long ago.

### ENVOI.

Prince, and all ye who rhyme essay,  
 Fashions in verse must ebb and flow,  
 But these stand fast, nor dread decay,  
 Sweet pilgrims' songs of long ago.

*Literature.*

*Arthur F. Bell.*

## IN THE EARLY FORTIES.

Though it has often been suggested to me by friends who have been interested in my recollections of people I have known that I should put on record some of the incidents of a long and busy life, I doubt whether I should have taken up my pen, had it not been for the friendly pressure put on me by a distinguished man of letters from Australia, who was recently on a visit to this country. It is chiefly at his instance that I have made up my mind to attempt a few jottings of my remembrances, beginning with very early days.

There are generally but few incidents, and these often only of trivial importance, that rest in one's memory after some sixty years; but trivial as these incidents may have been in my experience, they brought me into contact with people and events which after so long a period of time may have a certain interest for the present generation.

Sixty years ago the business of Smith, Elder & Co. was carried on at 65 Cornhill. It consisted chiefly of an export trade to India and our colonies. There was also a small publishing business, occasionally involving a certain amount of enterprise.

A recent festival in honor of the centenary of Lieutenant Waghorn's birth has brought to my mind incidents of my boyhood relating to that pioneer of the Overland Route to India, of whom I have a vivid remembrance. At that time the long route around the Cape, occupying three or four months, was the only means of communication with India, and Waghorn's scheme for a shorter route across the Isthmus of Suez and through the Red Sea was eagerly welcomed by the commercial world. The English Government was chilly, if not indifferent, and private enterprise

was left to demonstrate both the speed and the practicability of the new route. A number of merchants interested in the Eastern trade joined to bear the cost of some experimental trips by Waghorn. Letters to be sent to India in Waghorn's charge were brought to us to be stamped for express to Marseilles, where they were received by Waghorn and carried by him to Bombay. From Bombay in turn a packet of letters was brought by Waghorn to England.

I was eager, boy-like, to take part in this contest with time and space; my ambition was to ride one of the expresses between Paris and Marseilles, and I remember a fit of sulks which lasted for more than a week because my father refused his consent to this performance.

Waghorn, as I have said, received in Bombay a number of letters addressed to the various firms interested in the enterprise, and brought them *via* the Red Sea and Suez to London, thus showing by how many days he could beat the Cape route. The cost of this trip was distributed over the number of letters he carried and charged as postage. The postage on the early Overland letters under this scheme was naturally alarming in scale; I can even now remember my father's face when he opened a letter brought by Waghorn, and containing a duplicate draft for 3*l.* or 4*l.*, the postage for which was assessed for something like 25*l.*!

My father's firm acted as Waghorn's agents. All letters were brought to 65 Cornhill and posted thence. We youngsters used to think the receipt and stamping of these letters, for which we had an office at the back of the shop, great fun; it was like "playing at post-office." Waghorn was a sailor-like

man, short and broad, excitable in a high degree, and of tremendous energy. He really did a very great thing; he opened a new and shorter route of intercourse between the East and the West; but the greatness of his feat was never properly recognized or rewarded. He had an unfortunate gift for quarrelling with people; his energy was unqualified by tact; his temper was explosive. On one occasion I went into my little room and found its floor strewn with fragments of paper; it was a copy of the Times which contained an article which did not please Waghorn, and he had expressed his sentiments by furiously tearing the paper into the tiniest fragments. More than once Waghorn arrived at 65 Cornhill in the early morning when I was the only member of the staff present. On one occasion he arrived, travel-stained and dirty; he had just landed; and without a word of greeting he shouted, "Have you any one here who can run?" I called in a ticket-porter from the street; Waghorn inquired if he could run. "Yes, sir," said the porter, "if I am paid for it." Waghorn handed him a packet and told him to run with it to the Foreign Office. The ticket-porter was stout and scant of breath; running for him was a lost art. Waghorn watched the man waddling down Cornhill; he burst out with a sea-faring expletive, not to be repeated here, ran after the porter, seized him by the coat-tails, which he rent half-way up his back, grasped the packet, rolled the unfortunate porter into the gutter, and ran off himself with the despatches to the Foreign Office. I had to pick the astonished porter from the gutter and pay him handsomely for his damaged coat and outraged feelings in order to save Waghorn from a charge of assault.

Something of the spirit of modern trade, of its haste and keenness, its eagerness to outrace not only all competitors but time itself, was already visible

in the operations of the firm. It seemed a great matter to them to get periodicals and parcels off to India up to the latest moment, and I can remember seeing a postchaise standing at the door of the shop in Cornhill to take parcels of the Quarterly or Edinburgh Review, I forget which, off to Deal to catch a fast ship there. It must, I suppose, have contained some article of special interest to the Indian public, but it was an expensive way of sending a magazine, and could only "pay" in the sense that getting the Review in India before any other agent won for the firm a reputation for energy and enterprise.

I recall another instance of these same characteristics. The porter at the East India House, named Toole, used to be sent to Gravesend with the latest despatches from the India Office. He was a magnificent fellow, with a splendid red livery—who, out of office hours, was widely known as the best toast-master of his time; his son, Mr. John Lawrence Toole, is the genial actor who has delighted several generations of playgoers. Some arrangement was come to with this gorgeous being, and he used to carry in addition to his despatches, packages of magazines and books for Smith, Elder & Co.

As to my early attempts as a publisher, they began when I was about nineteen years of age. I had then no responsible position in the firm, but the business instinct was slowly awaking in me. I was shrewd enough to see that no steady policy was pursued in the publishing department. If a book made a success, then for a time almost everything that offered itself was accepted; this naturally produced a harvest of disasters; then for a while nothing at all was published. Various efforts were made to improve the management of the publishing department, to which the members of the firm were unable to give much personal attention. A Mr. Folthorn, who afterwards had a

large Library at Brighton, was engaged as manager, but with little success; a Mr. Reid followed him, and he also was a failure. I had often discussed the matter with my mother, who had a keen and businesslike intelligence; I was eager to assume a responsible position in the business, and on the deposition of Mr. Reid, my mother persuaded my father, who in turn persuaded his partners, to put me in charge of the publishing department. I was to have the modest sum of 1,500*l.* at my absolute disposal. I stipulated that I was not to be questioned or interfered with in any way as to its use; with this sum I was to make what publishing ventures I pleased. Behold me, then, a youth, not yet twenty, searching the horizon for authors whose literary bantlings I might introduce to an admiring and, as I fondly hoped, purchasing world.

My first venture was the publication of R. H. Horne's—"Orion" Horne's—"New Spirit of the Age"—a series of essays on well-known living writers. I doubt whether any publisher has ever been so much interested in a book as I was in these two volumes. It was, from the publisher's point of view, my first-born. I have since had publishing and commercial ventures involving comparatively very large sums, but not one has ever given me such anxious care as these volumes. I read every line of the book, first in manuscript and then in proof; I poured upon the unfortunate author all sorts of youthful criticisms and suggestions. I had sleepless nights over the book. At last we came to a deadlock. The book included an article on Colonel Perronet Thompson, a leading and very advanced politician of the day. Horne's study of Thompson was enthusiastic; his views were not in the least likely to commend themselves to the book-buying public of that time. I felt very much as I imagine the editor of the *Quarterly Review* would feel if

invited to accept an eulogium, say, of Mr. John Burns by Mr. Keir Hardie. I remonstrated with Horne, who replied that Thompson was a man of sufficient distinction to find a place in the volume, and was a man with a future. A long correspondence followed, dreadfully in earnest on my side, but Horne was firm. At length I went to Horne's residence at Kentish Town to endeavor to settle the matter in person. I have still a vivid remembrance of the interview which followed, and had a sufficient sense of humor to appreciate its absurdity even in my anxious condition of mind. I argued the matter with great earnestness, employing all the eloquent phrases I had invented during my ride to Kentish Town on the outside of an omnibus. Horne at last said: "My dear young friend, you are rather excited. Let us have a little music. He fetched his guitar and played to me for half an hour; he then asked if my views were still the same. He found they had resisted even the strains of his guitar. Then Horne's good nature came to my aid. He opened his bookcase, beckoned to me with the gesture of a tragic actor to approach. He took up the offending manuscript, written on brief-paper, held one corner in his hand, and motioned to me with the utmost solemnity to take the other corner. We then proceeded in funereal silence, keeping step as in a stage procession, to the fireplace, when Horne looked me in the face with a tragic expression, and said, "Throw." We threw; the offending manuscript dropped into the flames; Horne heaved a deep sigh, and I shook him warmly by the hand and departed much relieved. Any one who remembers the quaint and picturesque personality of the author of "Orion" will be able to appreciate this scene.

Thackeray reviewed Horne's book in the *Morning Chronicle*, and on the whole favorably, though he sadly hurt Horne's feelings by, in effect, calling

him a Cockney, which to Horne seemed the sum of all discredit. The droll little man came to Cornhill with the preface to a new edition in which he proposed to overwhelm his critics, including Thackeray. We adjourned to the "Woolpack," a tavern in St. Peter's Alley, Cornhill, where I generally had my lunch, and there in a quiet room upstairs the preface was discussed. I remember how vain I felt at having suggested an expression about "the scorching glare of the Bay of Mexico, or the thunders of the Gulf of Florida," which Horne accepted with acclamation as a substitute for some tamer phrase he had used.

Horne was a kindly, clever little man, but he was an oddity. He published the first three editions of "Orion" at a farthing a copy; the price of the fourth edition was, I believe, a shilling, and that of the fifth half a crown. His quaintness took many turns. Amongst other eccentric opinions cherished by him was one that Shylock was a misunderstood character to whom justice had never been done. Shylock, Horne contended, only asked what was his due. Shakespeare's conception of the character, he held, had never been really placed before the public, and he determined to remedy this ancient injustice and repair the wrong done to Shylock by representing him as, in his opinion, he ought to be represented on the stage. The "Merchant of Venice" was played at a theatre in the Tottenham Court Road, and Horne, the only amateur in the company, took the part of Shylock. The house was filled with his friends eager to study the new Shylock, and I can remember nothing more comic than Horne's rendering of the character. We bit our lips, we held our handkerchiefs to our mouths, we used every artifice at our command to conceal our laughter. We were fairly successful until Horne, with an air of much dignity, sharpened his knife on

the floor of the stage; then we exploded, and Horne's efforts to give to the world a whitewashed Shylock came to an abrupt end.

Horne had undoubtedly a strain of genius, but it was linked to a most uncertain judgment, and was often qualified by a plentiful lack of common sense. He once submitted to me the manuscript of a most extraordinary novel. It was wonderfully clever, but from a publisher's point of view was quite impossible. It was written to sustain the proposition that every man and every woman had a preordained and natural affinity for some other particular man or woman, and this theory was illustrated from a rather coarse and physical point of view which certainly offended severe taste. The characters of the novel were extraordinary; one of the most extraordinary was a philanthropist impressed with the idea that the world was over-populated and anxious on grounds of purest benevolence to remedy the mistake by murdering as many people as he could. His numerous murders were transacted in a very odd fashion. He had his own leg cut off below the knee, and a wooden leg fitted on in its stead. This innocent-looking wooden leg was really a disguised rifle or air-gun. Every now and again a corpse was found with a bullet hole in it; the neighborhood was searched, but no trace of the murderer could be found. At last it occurred to the magistrate that there was always an old man with a wooden leg somewhere in the neighborhood when one of these murders was committed. This led to the detection of the eccentric philanthropist, who, in spite of the benevolence of his motives, was broken by unsympathetic legal authorities, on the wheel. This curious philanthropist used to engage his intended victim in conversation, cock his wooden leg in an apparently careless fashion over the other knee, and suddenly shoot his unsuspect-



ing interlocutor dead. And the writer of this extravagant novel was the author of "Orion"! I refused, much to Horne's disgust, to publish the work, and it never, I believe, found a publisher.

My next publishing venture brought me into relations with Leigh Hunt, and did so in rather a strange way. I went to Peckham to dine with Thomas Powell, who, as well as being a confidential clerk in the counting-house of two brothers who were wealthy merchants in the City, dabbled in literature. The merchants were supposed to have suggested to Charles Dickens the Cheeryble Brothers in "Nicholas Nickleby." Powell afterwards went to the United States and contributed articles of a very personal character to the New York newspapers about English men of letters. While I waited in Powell's little drawing-room for a few minutes before dinner, I took up a neatly-written manuscript which was lying on the table, and was reading it when my host entered the room. "Ah," he said, "that doesn't look worth 40*l.*, does it? I advanced 40*l.* to Leigh Hunt on the security of that manuscript, and I shall never see my money again." When I was leaving I asked Powell to let me take the manuscript with me. I finished reading it before I went to sleep that night, and next day I asked Powell if he would let me have the manuscript if I paid him the 40*l.* He readily assented, and having got from him Leigh Hunt's address, I went off to him in Edwardes Square, Kensington, explained the circumstances under which the manuscript had come into my possession, and asked whether, if I paid him an additional 60*l.*, I might have the copyright. "You young prince!" cried Leigh Hunt, in a tone of something like rapture, and the transaction was promptly concluded. The work was "Imagination and Fancy." It was succeeded by "Wit and Humor" and other

books, all of which were successful, and the introduction was the foundation of a friendship with Leigh Hunt and the members of his family which was very delightful to me.

Leigh Hunt was of tall stature, with *sallow*, not to say yellow, complexion. His mouth lacked refinement and firmness, but he had large expressive eyes. His manner, however, had such fascination that, after he had spoken for five minutes, one forgot how he looked. He wrote the most charming letters, perfect alike in both form and spirit. I particularly enjoyed the simple old-fashioned suppers to which he frequently invited me. His daughter played and sang to us, and Leigh Hunt told us the most delightful stories of his Italian travels, and of Shelley and Byron (whom he always called "Birron"). I lived on the north side of the park, and I remember I used to get over the palings to cross Kensington Gardens, and thus shorten the distance home; the palings of those days were easily negotiated by an active young man.

Business was by no means Leigh Hunt's strong point. In this respect, but not otherwise, he may have suggested Skimpole to Charles Dickens. On one of my visits I found him trying to puzzle out the abstruse question of how he should deduct some such sum as thirteen shillings and ninepence from a sovereign. On another occasion I had to pay him a sum of money, 100*l.* or 200*l.*, and I wrote him a cheque for the amount. "Well," he said, "what am I to do with this little bit of paper?" I told him that if he presented it at the bank they would pay him cash for it, but I added, "I will save you that trouble." I sent to the bank and cashed the cheque for him. He took the notes away carefully enclosed in an envelope. Two days afterwards Leigh Hunt came in a great state of agitation to tell me that his wife had

burned them. He had thrown the envelope with the bank-notes inside carelessly down and his wife had flung it into the fire. Leigh Hunt's agitation, while on his way to bring this news, had not prevented him from purchasing on the road a little statuette of Psyche, which he carried, without any paper round it, in his hand. I told him I thought something might be done in the matter; I sent to the bankers and got the numbers of the notes, and then in company with Leigh Hunt went off to the Bank of England. I explained our business and we were shown into a room where three old gentlemen were sitting at tables. They kept us waiting some time, and Leigh Hunt, who had meantime been staring all round the room, at last got up, walked up to one of the staid officials, and, addressing him, said, in wondering tones, "And is this the Bank of England! And do you sit here all day, and never see the green woods and the trees and flowers and the charming country?" Then, in tones of remonstrance, he demanded, "Are you contented with such a life?" All this

time he was holding the little naked Psyche in one hand, and with his long hair and flashing eyes made a surprising figure. I fancy I can still see the astonished faces of the three officials; they would have made a most delightful picture. I said, "Come away, Mr. Hunt, these gentlemen are very busy." I succeeded in carrying Leigh Hunt off, and after entering into certain formalities, we were told that the value of the notes would be paid in twelve months. I gave Leigh Hunt the money at once, and he went away rejoicing.

On the whole my first modest experiences in publishing were successful, and brought me into pleasant social relations with several authors. I remember I was very indignant that the firm would not allow me to add the profits of my ventures to the original sum which formed my publishing capital. I had reckoned on increasing that capital by the profits I made until I could undertake really large transactions; but this expectation was disappointed, and my yearly profits melted into the general balance sheet of the firm.

*George M. Smith.*

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

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### WHEN YOU LOVED ME FIRST.

When you loved me first  
 Did the wonder burst  
 Like a beautiful flower from a bud of green?  
 Was it joy or woe  
 When you saw it blow,  
 All color and fragrance, proud to be seen?

Or did you weep  
 For the bud's lost sleep,  
 And chide the flower that had blown in vain,  
 Since death and fate  
 Lie cold in wait  
 For the bud that can never be bud again?

*Pall Mall Magazine.*

*E. Nesbit.*

## THE SIEGE OF THE LEGATIONS.

BY DR. MORRISON, PEKING CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON TIMES.

(Continued.)

## THE NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

The gun that was not captured was brought up again next day into play, and continued battering down the Fu walls. The enemy were working their way ever nearer to the refugee Christians. Their rage to reach the Christians was appalling. They cursed them from over the wall, hurled stones and threw shells to explode overhead. Only after the armistice, when we received the Peking Gazette, did we find that word to burn out and slaughter the converts had come from the highest in the land.

The Japanese were driven still further back. Already they had lost heavily, for upon them had fallen the brunt of a defence, the gallantry of which surpassed all praise. When the siege was raised it was found that of the entire force of marines only five men had escaped without wounds; one was wounded five times. Colonel Shiba early raised a force of "Christian volunteers," drilled them, instructed them and armed them with rifles captured from the enemy. They made an effective addition to the Japanese strength, relieving especially the tedium of sentry; and they stood up to the barricades without flinching. Many were wounded and some killed. Those of us who saw these men under fire were favorably impressed with their conduct. Equally impressed were most of us with the courage and coolness under fire of the Chinese coolies. One morning five of them were wounded going up the ramp to the American barricade. Without their assistance our danger

would have been increased tenfold. Many were killed and wounded when working under fire. On July 2 Mr. Kojima, an attaché of the Japanese Legation, was killed and also two Japanese marines. On the same day a German marine was shot dead while standing in the first secretary's room in the German Legation. A coolie was shot in the leg while digging a grave in the British Legation. Shots fell everywhere. Twice within the British Legation a pigeon was struck by a stray bullet.

Every one worked at the defences. One of the Ministers—such was the emulation of all to do something—offered his services to the British officer commanding. He volunteered to keep watch and watch by night, but his offer was hampered by qualifications. He was eager to keep watch, he said, but he was very shortsighted, he could see nothing at night, and he had never handled a gun. His offer was not accepted, but the spirit which prompted him to make it was admired.

## A DESPERATE COUNTER-MOVE.

At daybreak on July 3, the Chinese barricade on the top of the wall near the American outpost was successfully stormed by a party of British, Americans and Russians, under the leadership of Captain Myers, Captain Vroublevsky and Mr. Nigel Oliphant. I have spoken of the error committed in the construction of the American barricade, which left the width of the bastion outside instead of within the American lines. The two barricades faced each other at

the distance of the width of the bastion, which was on the left. Then the Chinese, working with great cleverness, always keeping under shelter, pushed forward a covering wall across the bastion until it curved round and reached the left-hand corner of the American breastwork. Here they began erecting a small fort, the centre of which was 25 feet from the nearest American picket. The position was intolerable. It was imperative to rush the barricade and drive out the Chinese; nothing else could be done.

An attack was planned for 3 in the morning, and before that hour a strong force of British was sent over from the Legation. The combined force assembled for the attack consisted of 26 British marines under Sergeant Murphy and Corporal Gregory, with Mr. Nigel Oliphant as volunteer, 15 Russians under Captain Vroublevsky and 15 Americans, all being under the command of Captain Myers. When asked if they came willingly one American begged to be relieved and was sent below. This left the total force at 56, of whom 14 were Americans. So close were the Chinese that it was only a couple of jumps from our barricade to their fort. There was a rush to be first over, the fort was stormed, and dashing round the covering wall the "foreign devils" charged behind the barricade. Taken by surprise the Chinese fired into the air, fled incontinently, and were shot down as they ran along the open surface of the wall. Captain Vroublevsky and his detachment acted with especial gallantry, for their duty it was to attack the Chinese barricade in the front, while the British and Americans took it in the rear. Two banners marked "General Ma" were captured. Fifteen Chinese soldiers of Tung-fuh-siang were killed outright and many more must have been wounded. Some rifles and ammunition were captured. Then the allied forces, exposed to a heavy fire,

retired within what had been the Chinese barricade and employed it against the enemy who had built it. Captain Myers was wounded in the knee by tripping over a fallen spear, two Americans, Turner and Thomas,—one having accidentally jumped on the wrong side of the barricade—were killed, and Corporal Gregory was wounded in the foot. News of the successful sortie gave much pleasure to the community. Chinese coolies were sent on the wall, and a strongly intrenched redoubt was built there; the camp was made safe by traverses. Unfortunately the wound of Captain Myers proved more serious than was at first suspected, and he was not again able to return to duty. The services of a brave and capable officer were lost to the garrison; his post on the wall was taken most ably by Captain Percy Smith and other officers in turn.

Most of the shelling was now directed against the French and German Legations and Chamot's Hotel. The hotel was struck 91 times, and several times set on fire, but the flame was extinguished. Work continued there, however hot the shelling, for food had to be prepared there for half the community in Peking, Russians, French, Germans and Austrians. The energy of Chamot was marvellous. He fed the troops and a crowd of Christian refugees, killed his own mules and horses, ground his own wheat, and baked 300 loaves a day. Shelled out of the kitchen he baked in the parlor. His courage inspired the Chinese, and they followed him under fire with an amazing confidence.

#### THE BRITISH LEGATION HARD-PRESSED.

Then suddenly a new attempt was made to reduce the British Legation. Guns firing round shot, eight-pounders and four-pounders were mounted on the

Imperial City wall overlooking from the north the Hanlin and the British Legation. With glasses—the distance was only 350 yards—one could clearly see the officers and distinguish their Imperial Peacock feathers and Mandarin hats. Adjoining the battery an upper row of stones on the wall was raised to form loopholes for sharpshooters, who could thus enfilade the canal and our communications eastward. Round shot were hurled into the Hanlin and crashed through the roofs of the British Legation. One pierced both walls of the dining-room, passing behind the portrait of the Queen. Two came crashing through the wall of a student's room where a few minutes before Sir Claude MacDonald had been standing watching the preparations being made to bombard us. Another struck the room occupied by a lady who was in bed and fell at her side. Another ploughed through the carts. Three batteries in all, carrying five guns, were mounted on the Imperial City wall where the bombardment could be witnessed by the Empress-Dowager and her counselors, and day after day round shot were thrown from them into the British Legation, into a compound crowded with women and children. This is what his Excellency Lo Feng-Luh was describing to Lord Salisbury as "giving effective protection to the British Legation."

On July 5 Mr. David Oliphant of the British Legation, was killed. He was felling a tree by the well in the Hanlin when he was shot by a sniper concealed in a roof in the Imperial Carriage Park, and died within an hour. Only 24 years of age he was a student of exceptional promise and ability, universally popular, cool and courageous to an unusual degree. He had only recently been given a post in the Chancery in reward for his being the best student of his year. In the afternoon he was carried to his grave amid the booming of guns,

followed by a crowd of mourners of 13 different nationalities.

#### THE CHINESE PRESSING ON.

Day by day the Chinese were pressing us more closely. In the Fu they were gradually wedging their way in northeast so as to cut the communications between the British and the Legations to the east. They burned their way from house to house. Keeping under cover, they set alight the gables within reach by torches of cloth soaked in kerosene held at the end of long poles. If the roofs were beyond reach they threw over fireballs of kerosene, or, if still further, shot into them with arrows freighted with burning cloth. In this way and with the use of the heavy gun, they battered a way through the houses and courtyards of the Prince's Palace. A daring attempt made by the Japanese to capture the gun resulted in failure. Coolies failed them when they were within four yards of success, and they were forced to retire. Their gallant leader, Captain Ando, was shot in the throat while waving on his men; one marine was seriously wounded, and one Christian volunteer killed. Captain Ando had come to Peking on a visit only two days before the cutting of the railways. His services were given ungrudgingly. A young man of much ability and of untiring energy, his loss was regretted by the whole community.

By the 8th the position in the Fu was alarming, for the Japanese force had been reduced to 13 marines and 14 volunteers; yet with decreasing numbers they were constantly called upon to defend a longer line. Reinforcements were sent them of half a dozen Customs and student volunteers and of six British marines. Nothing can give a better indication of the smallness of our garrison than the fact that throughout the siege reinforcements meant five men or ten men. Strong reinforcements



meant 15 men. Our reinforcements were counted by ones, not by companies. With this force a line of intrenchments stretching from the outer court of the Fu on the east across the grounds to near the extreme northwest corner was held till the end. In the northwest corner at an artificial rockery were stationed a mixed force of 15 Italians and five Austrians. But the position was an exposed one, and it was difficult to keep the southerners at their posts. They were said to have no lack of spirit, but their *forte* was in attack. They lacked the dull patient courage of sitting behind loopholes cooped up in a sandbag shelter within earshot of the enemy. They were always running away. On the 9th there was a sudden panic, a stampede and the position was evacuated. The civilian in charge, Mr. Caetani, of the Italian Legation, acted with much courage and induced his men to return. Five Austrians were sent away and British marines put in their places. Ever afterwards a British picket was kept there. The position was one of constant solicitude, for the loss of the Fu would have imperilled the British Legation. A Krupp gun mounted fifty yards away, had the range and raked the post with shell and shrapnel. To strengthen the breastwork, exposure to rifle fire was incurred from 20 yards' distance, while to reach the post required crossing a zone of fire which was perhaps the hottest in the whole of the defences. Many men were wounded there, and one Italian had his head blown off. Shell fire finally made it impossible to live there. The advanced posts were abandoned, and the sentries fell back to the main picket. No sooner was the advanced post abandoned than it was occupied by the Chinese, and the defences we had made were turned against us.

#### THE FRENCH AND GERMAN LEGATIONS.

Meanwhile the French and German

Legations were being roughly handled and men were falling daily. At the German Legation shells burst through the Minister's drawing-room. Most of the other buildings, conspicuous by their height, were uninhabitable, but every member of the Legation remained at his post. So, too, in the French Legation, where the Austrians were, Dr. and Madame von Rosthorn remained by the side of their men. The French volunteers and Dr. Matignon stood staunchly by their Legation, although it was fast tumbling into ruins, their coolness and resolution being in curious contrast to the despair of their Minister, who, crying "*Tout est perdu*," melodramatically burned the French archives in a ditch at the British Legation. Chinese and French were so close that the voices of the Chinese officers could be heard encouraging their men. Chinese were within the Legation itself. Their guns literally bombarded the Minister's residence *à bout portant*, and the noise of the exploding shells was terrific. Yet the men never flinched. On the 8th the Austrian commander, Captain Thomann, of the Zenta, was killed by the bursting of a shell. He was talking at the time to Captain Labrousse and Captain Darcy, but they escaped unscathed. Captain Thomann had come to Peking on a short visit, and had been detained here by the destruction of the railway. Then, still pressing us closer, the Chinese brought a Krupp gun along from the Chien Mên and mounted it behind a wall on the top of the city wall, in a position directly facing the American barricade, at a distance of 40 yards. Captain Percy Smith and Herr Loesch, a young German officer, were in charge of the barricade, and they had under them the varied force of Americans, British and Russians that had held the position since it was first occupied. Suddenly the Chinese threw open an embrasure uncovering the gun, and fired point blank at the wall in front of them

behind which were the ten British and two Russians. The shell burst overhead but no one was hit. The gun was in a moment withdrawn. At the second shot the British fell flat down, the shell burst, they jumped to their feet and fired a volley into the breach. It was quick work, smartly and bravely done, but the position could not have been held. Before, however, any casualties occurred a curious thing happened. At the fifth round when the gun was fired a mass of bricks and earth were thrown outwards. A wide breach had been formed by the bursting of the gun or by the wave of concussion, and the gun was silent.

#### A DAY OF HEAVY LOSSES.

July 11 was a day of many casualties. One German was mortally wounded; one Englishman, one Italian and one Japanese were seriously wounded. Mr. Nigel Oliphant, a volunteer, received a bullet-wound in the leg, while Mr. Narahara, the well-known secretary of the Japanese Legation, wounded by the bursting of a shell, suffered a compound fracture of the leg, which from the first gave cause for anxiety. He gradually sank and died on July 24. Mr. Narahara was a brilliant Chinese scholar. He was formerly private secretary to Marquis Ito and was present at the peace negotiations in Shimonoseki in 1895. He was universally respected. In a reckless attempt to capture a Chinese banner three Frenchmen were wounded, one of them, M. Grulgenst, fatally. He was an engineer on the Luhan railway, who had escaped from the burning of the Chang Hsin Tien before the outbreak of hostilities. Chinese banners, indeed, hung temptingly close to every outpost. One morning we awoke to find one waving from a sandbag shelter in the Carriage walk over the very wall of the British Legation. No marine could suffer such an affront. Dur-

ing the day Sergeant Preston, of the Orlando, with two volunteers mounted the wall, shot two soldiers who were on guard behind the sandbags, while his mates seized the flag and hauled it into the compound. On the 11th 18 prisoners were captured by the French in a temple near the Legation. They were soldiers and a Chinese Christian gave information as to their whereabouts. Every one of them was put to death without mercy in the French Legation, bayoneted by a French corporal to save cartridges. Questioned before death they gave much information that was obviously false. One man, however, declared that a mine was being driven under the French Legation. His story had quick corroboration. As the afternoon of the 13th was closing a feint attack was made on the Japanese intrenchments in the Fu. Then the sound of many bugles was heard from the camps round the French Legation, to be followed in a few minutes by a terrific explosion, and in a moment or two by another, and bricks and *débris* were hurled into the air. It was a dull roar in the midst of the devilish cries of hordes of Chinese, shrieking like spirits in hell, the rattle of musketry and the boom of heavy guns. The mine of which the prisoner had warned us had exploded and burst an entrance into the French Legation.

When the first mine exploded the French Captain Darcy, the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires, two French marines, and Mr. Destelan of the Customs were standing over the death-trap. Mr. Destelan was buried up to the neck, but was rescued unhurt. The two marines were engulfed and their bodies were never recovered, Captain Darcy and Dr. von Rosthorn escaped miraculously. The latter was buried by the first explosion and released unhurt a moment or two later by the second.

Driven out of the main buildings, the small garrison (it consisted only of 17

Austrians with three officers, 27 French with two officers, and nine volunteers) fell back a few paces to a line of defence, part of which had only been completed in the afternoon, and securely held the position. It consisted of the chapel, the Pavillon des Etrangers, and a line of earthworks stretching across the Legation garden to the Northern Gate. The buildings they left were set fire to and the ruins were occupied by the Chinese, and when the flames had burnt out imperial banners were hoisted over the ruins of what had once been the residence of the French Minister. And while this tragedy was being enacted in Peking the Chinese Ambassador in Paris was assuring the President that his Government was "protecting" the French Legation and "providing its staff with food."

Simultaneously with this attack upon the French Legation the Chinese made a determined assault upon the German Legation, the effective strength of whose garrison numbered only one officer and 31 men. They broke into the club alongside the Legation, and were on the tennis ground when Count Soden and a handful of German soldiers gallantly charged them at the point of the bayonet and drove them out headlong.

Reinforcements of nine Russians and five German volunteers, under Herr von Strauch, came up at the double, but their services were not needed. The attack was over. Uniforms on the dead Chinese showed that the attack had been carried out by the troops of Yung Lu, reinforced by the savages of Tung-fuh-siang. Some of the dead were armed with the latest pattern Mauser and the newest German army revolver. Some ammunition, of which the guards were in much need, was recovered and distributed among the Japanese and Italians. Firing continued round the other Legations; every battery opened fire; the air hissed with bullets. There was momentary darkness, then flames

broke out from the large foreign houses between the German Legation and Canal-street. It seemed at one time as if the whole of the quarter would be burned, but the fire did not spread. Heavy rain came on, and the rest of the night passed in quiet.

#### A CHINESE COMMUNICATION.

On July 14, a messenger, sent out on the 10th, with a letter for the troops, returned to the British Legation. He had been arrested by the Chinese, cruelly beaten, and taken, he said, to the Yamen of Yung Lu, and there given the following letter, purporting to be written by Prince Ching "and others," addressed to the British Minister. It was the first communication of any kind whatsoever that had reached us from outside for nearly one month.

For the last ten days the soldiers and Militia have been fighting, and there has been no communication between us, to our great anxiety. Some time ago we hung up a board, expressing our intentions, but no answer has been received, and contrary to expectation the foreign soldiers made renewed attacks, causing alarm and suspicion among soldiers and people.

Yesterday the troops captured a convert named Chin Ssu-hel and learnt from him that all the foreign Ministers were well, which caused us very great satisfaction.

But it is the unexpected which happens. The reinforcements of foreign troops were long ago stopped and turned back by the "Boxers," and if, in accordance with previous agreement, we were to guard your Excellencies out of the city, there are so many "Boxers" on the road to Tien-tsin and Ta-ku that we should be apprehensive of misadventure.

We now request your Excellencies to first take your families and the various members of your staffs, and leave your Legations in detachments. We should select trustworthy officers to give close and strict protection, and you should

temporarily reside in the Tsung-li-Yamèn, pending future arrangements for your return home, in order to preserve friendly relations intact from beginning to end.

But at the time of leaving the Legations there must on no account whatever be taken any single armed soldier, in order to prevent doubt and fear on the part of the troops and people, leading to untoward incidents.

If your Excellencies are willing to show this confidence, we beg you to communicate with all the foreign Ministers in Peking, to-morrow at noon being the limit of time, and to let the original messenger deliver the reply in order that we may settle the day for leaving the Legations.

This is the single way of preserving relations which we have been able to devise in the face of innumerable difficulties. If no reply is received by the time fixed, even our affection will not enable us to help you. Compliments.

((Signed) Prince Ching and others.

July 14, 1900.

Following as it did immediately after the attack on the French Legation which reduced it to ruins, the letter did not lack for impudence. "Boxers" had driven back our troops, "Militia," not "Boxers" had been attacking us in Peking. The letter was read with derision. It was interpreted as a gulleless attempt to seduce the Ministers away from their Legations and massacre them at ease. News, we heard subsequently, had just reached the Chinese of the taking of Tien-tsin city.

It was difficult for his Excellency to "show the confidence" asked for, and to seek the help" which "affection" for him prompted the Chinese to offer.

On the 15th a reply was sent declining on the part of the foreign representatives the invitation to proceed to the Tsung-li-Yamèn, and pointing out that no attacks had been made by our troops, who were only defending the lives and property of foreigners against the attacks of Chinese Government troops.

The reply concluded with a statement that if the Chinese Government wished to negotiate they should send a responsible official with a white flag.

Firing continued furiously, the attack being mainly directed against the Fu, where the Chinese had raised their barricades till they could sweep with fire the palace grounds. On the 15th one of the British students, Henry Warren, was mortally wounded while doing duty at the Japanese outpost. He died the same night, another victim to Chinese treachery.

#### DEATH OF CAPTAIN STROUTS.

The morning of the 16th opened with a disaster. Captain Strouts, the senior British officer, was shot while returning from the outposts in the Fu. He was struck in the upper part of the left thigh by an expanding bullet and died an hour after being brought into the hospital, to the grief of the entire community. Throughout the siege he had acted in a way that won the admiration of all. He was always cool and self-reliant and never spared himself, while always considerate for his men. Both Englishmen were buried the same afternoon. It was a mournful gathering that followed them to the grave, officers and soldiers of many nationalities, Ministers and their staffs, missionaries and brave ladies who have shared the discomforts of this unhappy siege. While shells were bursting in the trees, and amid the crack of rifle bullets, the brave young fellow to whose gallant defence we all owed so much was laid to rest beside the student for whom a career of brilliant promise was just opening.

#### MORE CHINESE ASSURANCES.

While the service was proceeding a messenger bearing a flag of truce was approaching the gate. A shell burst almost at his feet, the passages in his let-

ter were punctuated by cannon fire directed against the Legation from the wall of the Imperial city. This is what the Chinese were, no doubt, continuing to describe in Europe as giving the "Legations protection from local banditti." It was a striking evidence of the disregard for the usages of civilized warfare which characterizes the nation.

The letter was from "Prince Ching and others." It explained that the reason for suggesting the removal of the Legations to the Tsung-li-Yamèn was that the Chinese Government could afford more efficient protection to the members of the Legations if concentrated than if scattered as at present. As the foreign Ministers did not agree, however, the Chinese would, as in duty bound, do their utmost to protect the Legations where they were. (While the latter sentence was being read the translator had to raise his voice in order that it should be heard above the crack of the Imperial rifle bullets.) They would bring reinforcements and continue their endeavors to prevent the "Boxers" from firing, and they trusted that the foreign Ministers on their part would restrain their troops also from firing.

#### A MESSAGE FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

By the same messenger a cipher message was brought to Mr. Conger, the American Minister. It said:—"Communicate tidings to bearer." It was in the State Department cipher and had no date or indication by whom it had been sent. Mr. Conger replied in the same cipher: "For one month we have been besieged in British Legation under continued shot and shell from Chinese troops. Quick relief only can prevent general massacre." When forwarding his reply he asked that it should be sent to the address from which the other had come, which address had not been communicated to him. Next day

the Yamèn sent him an answer saying that his message had been forwarded and explaining that the telegram sent to him had been contained in a telegram from Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister at Washington, and dated July 11.

This telegram read:—"The United States cheerfully aid China, but it is thinking of Mr. Minister Conger. The Hon. Secretary of State inquires after him by telegram, which I beg to be transmitted to him and get his reply." From this we could well imagine what specious assurances had been given to Mr. Hay by Wu Ting Fang's bland assurances that there had been a most regrettable outbreak on the part of lawless bands in the north of China, which the Government was vainly struggling to cope with, that the most benevolent protection had been accorded to the foreign Legations and foreign Ministers by the Imperial Government, but that help was needed to quell the insurrection, etc. We hoped, however, that the message of Mr. Conger would show the value of such assurances.

#### CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES.

From July 17 there was a cessation of hostilities; not that men were not wounded afterwards and Christian coolies fired upon whenever they showed themselves, but the organized attacks ceased and the Krupp guns were muzzled. Fearing treachery, however, we relaxed none of our vigilance. Trenches were cut where mines might have been driven. All walls and shelters were so strengthened as to be practically shell-proof. Our preparations were purely defensive. On their part the Chinese also continued work at their barricades. From their barricade on the top of the wall near the German Legation they advanced westward so that they could fire directly down into the German Legation and pick off men



going up the steps of the Minister's house. They built a wall with loopholes across Legation-street not 20 yards from the Russian barricade. In nearly every position the enemy were so close that you could shoot into the muzzles of their rifles thrust through the loopholes. The cordon was still drawn tightly around us, and we were penned in to prevent our acting in co-operation with the troops who were coming to our relief. No provisions were permitted to reach us, but a few eggs for the women and children were surreptitiously sold us by Chinese soldiers. All were on reduced rations, the allowance for the 2,750 native Christians whom we had to provide for being barely sufficient to save them from starvation. Their sufferings were very great, the mortality among the children and the aged pitiful. No one could have foreseen that within the restricted limits of the besieged area, with the food supply therein obtainable, 473 civilians (of these 414—namely, 191 men, 147 women, 76 children—were inside the British Legation), a garrison of 400 men, 2,750 refugees, and some 400 native servants could have sustained a siege of two entire months. Providentially in the very centre of Legation-street, there was a mill with a large quantity of grain, which turned out 900 lbs. of flour a day divided between the hotel and the Legation. One day the Tsung-li-Yamên insultingly sent us a present of 1,000 lbs. of flour and some ice and vegetables, but no one would venture to eat the flour, fearing that it might be poisoned. Communications passed now almost daily with the Tsung-li-Yamên or with the officials whose despatches were signed "Prince Ching and others." On July 17 Sir Claude MacDonald replied to the suggestion that the Ministers would restrain their troops from firing upon the Chinese. He said that from the first the foreign troops had acted

entirely in self-defence, and would continue to do so. But the Chinese must understand that previous events had led to a want of confidence and that if barricades were erected or troops moved in the vicinity of the Legations the foreign guards would be obliged to fire.

In the afternoon the Chinese replied, reviewing the situation and ascribing the hostilities to the attacks previously made by the Legation guards. They noted with satisfaction that a cessation of firing was agreed to on both sides, but suggested that as foreign soldiers had been firing from the city wall east of the Chien Mên, they should be removed from that position.

Next day Sir Claude MacDonald replied with a review of the situation from the foreign point of view. On June 19 the Yamên had given the Legations notice to quit Peking, and the foreign representatives had replied pointing out that there were no facilities of transport. The Yamên had then replied extending the time, but, in spite of this fire was opened on the Legations on June 20 and they had been under constant fire ever since from Government troops, a condition of things unparalleled in the history of the world. He alluded to the incident of the board hung up on June 25, the free moving of Chinese troops during the cessation thus caused, and the renewed attacks made after the preparations thus made possible were completed. He hoped that mutual confidence would gradually be restored, and meanwhile he again pointed out that cessation of hostile preparations as well as firing was necessary on the part of the Chinese troops, to secure that the foreign troops should cease firing. As for the suggestion that the foreign troops should leave the city wall, it was impossible to accede to it, because a great part of the attacks on the Legations had been made from the wall. He concluded by

suggesting that sellers of fruit and ice should be allowed to come in.

#### CHINESE SYMPTOMS OF ALARM.

They were never permitted to come in. It was clear, however, that events were happening elsewhere to cause alarm in the Imperial Court. On the afternoon of the first day of what might be called the armistice, M. Pellot, a French gentleman from Tongking, entered the Chinese lines, and to the great anxiety of all was absent five hours. He was taken by soldiers to the Yamên of one of the big generals—he knew not which—was pried with questions which, speaking some Chinese, he could answer, and was sent back unmolested with an escort of 15 soldiers "to protect him against the 'Boxers.'"

This unusual clemency was interpreted favorably. It was clear that the Chinese had sustained a severe defeat and that relief was coming. Next day direct communication was for the first time held with an official of the Tsung-li-Yamên. A secretary named Wen Jul came to the Legation to see Sir Claude MacDonald and was received by the Minister outside the gate, not being permitted to enter. He said that the regrettable occurrences were due to "local banditti," that the Government had great concern to protect the foreigners, that Baron von Ketteler's body had been recovered from the hands of the "local banditti" who had murdered him and been enclosed in a valuable coffin. He urged that the maintenance of foreign troops on the city wall was unnecessary and that they should be withdrawn. It was pointed out to him that as we had been very continuously shelled from the city wall both from the Hata Mên and the Chien Mên, it would be inadvisable to retire. Asked to send copies of the Peking Gazette, he hesitated a moment and then stammered that he really had not himself

seen the Peking Gazette for a long time but he would inquire and see if they could be bought.

He never came back and never sent a Gazette. His name was Wen Jul.

When we did obtain copies of the Gazette it was interesting to find two items that must have been especially unpleasant for him to have us know. On June 24, by Imperial decree, leaders were appointed to the "Boxers," or "patriotic militia." Among the chiefs was Wen Jul.

The visit of Wen Jul was on the 18th. Up to the time of his visit, though more than four weeks had passed since the assassination, no allusion of any kind whatever had been made in any Peking Gazette to the murder of Baron von Ketteler. Then the Empress-Dowager, yielding to her fears, published an allusion to the murder. Will the German Emperor rest satisfied with the tardy official reference to the brutal assassination of his Minister by an Imperial officer?

"Last month the Chancellor of the Japanese Legation was killed. This was, indeed, most unexpected. Before this matter had been settled the German Minister was killed. Suddenly meeting this affair caused us deep grief. We ought vigorously to seek the murderer and punish him."

No more. The date July 18; the murder June 20!

#### REASSURING NEWS.

Yet even in this decree there was a complete *volte-face*. Missionaries who were by the decree of July 2 "to be at once driven away to their own countries" were by the decree of July 18 "to be protected in every province," "to be protected without the least carelessness." The truculence and belligerence of the decrees issued when our troops had been driven back had disappeared; the tone now was one of justification

and conciliation. Only one interpretation was possible—that the Chinese had been defeated. Confirmation came the same day. A messenger sent out by the Japanese successfully passed the enemy's lines and brought us the news that we had so long awaited.

From this we learned that General Fukushima with 4,000 Japanese soldiers had arrived at Tien-tsin on June 29, that subsequently 4,000 Russians, 2,000 British, 1,500 French, 1,500 Americans and 500 Germans had landed, that Tien-tsin city had been taken on the 14th, and that the arsenal was in the hands of the allies. We further learned that a division of the Japanese army had left Hiroshima on July 8 and was expected at Tien-tsin on the 20th, and that a relief force consisting mainly of Japanese was to start for our relief immediately. This meant that the relief was actually further from us on July 18 than we had believed it to be on June 18. Yet every one heard the news with satisfaction. The choice of the leader seemed to us an admirable one, for General Fukushima is well known in Peking, having been here for several years as a military student and having taken an important part in the war with China, especially in the preparation of the intelligence reports which were the basis of the plan of campaign. It was he who rode overland across Asia from Berlin to Vladivostok, and who, when he landed in Japan, was received with the honors due to a Moltke returning from a victorious campaign.

By the same messenger a letter was

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received by the French Minister informing him that he had been decorated with a higher grade of the Legion d'Honneur, that France had sent his passports to the Chinese Minister, and that China had promptly given him new credentials and instructed him to invite assistance from the friendly Republic whose Legation in Peking Imperial troops under the command of Yung Lu were at the time blowing up with gunpowder.

The same messenger also brought to the Belgian Minister a despatch from his consul at Tien-tsin. Do not be uneasy, it said. Be tranquil. If misfortune should happen to him, the interest of Belgium would not suffer; M. de Cartier, who had been Chargé d'Affaires in Peking and was on his way home, had been detained in Shanghai and instructed to act as Minister in the event of his death. This news was very cheering to M. Joostens.

Days followed quietly now, though "sniping" did not cease. Several casualties occurred among the garrison. A Russian was killed and an Austrian wounded; an Italian wounded and also a Japanese. In the Fu it was still dangerous for the Christian refugees to move about, and several were hit and two killed. But the Yamèn became more and more conciliatory, until we could gauge the advance of the reliefs by the degree of apology in their despatches. But all supplies were rigorously cut off, and the sufferings of the Christians were acute.

*(To be concluded.)*

## RURAL LIFE IN RUSSIA.

Any undertaking connected with Russia involves a host of prejudices and preconceived notions to be surmounted before being put into execution. What a number of English traders the writer

knows who have cast loving eyes over that great proportion of the map of Europe and Asia allotted to the Muscovite Empire, and have felt the mercantile possibilities of those regions,

only to sigh when they thought of hostile tariffs, long credits, and the uncouth language in uncanny topsy-turvy characters.

A hundred miles east of Moscow is situated the village we are about to treat of. It is but one of many thousand villages dotted about the immense plateau known as Great Russia—to see one is to see all; and yet the monotony of it all is a charm. It is a charm to raise one's head towards the immense horizon, Schiller's "immeasurable blue," and see so much sky and so little earth. The swelling breast, the expanded nostril, and exalted feeling are as present here as to him who rides the waves, or suddenly views a glorious panorama. It is the spell of space. All Russia seems to be under this spell of space. It is the keynote to the national character, and begets reverence, religion, duty; above all, the Russian is reverential and dutiful, obedient to authority and loyal. We have said we see so little earth, but that earth is beautiful—in spring most beautiful, and carpeted with flowers of entrancing beauty; tall blowing flowers of gaudy colors and sweet mosaics of every hue crowd each other, struggling to live their little day and expand in beauty before the hot winds of summer shall suck their moisture dry. Spring is so beautiful, so hurried, so brief!

We have said one village is typical of all; this must necessarily be the case when the most persistent conservatism is maintained in every detail of life by all classes of countrypeople—the landowners, peasants and priests. No intercourse with outer civilization prevents an immediate relapse into their former habits. The Russian adapts himself very rapidly to a new order of things, but, given the opportunity, his instinct teaches him that there are compensations in his own particular, and to us uncomfortable, mode of life which render the sacrifice easy to him of the blessings and privileges of later

civilization. The chief compensation is the immense comfort he can derive in every calamity of life; his house burnt down, his hay carried away by premature floods, his wife dead or run away, are all attributed plainly to the will of God. This is a consolation, it is true, that we westerners can derive, and some do; but he has this further satisfaction—he knows, and is sure that his neighbors will all be unanimous in arriving at the same conclusion. No wonder, then, that he prefers to live on, surrounded by such sympathizing friends. If he migrated where more western ideas prevailed, the destruction of his house might be attributed to carelessness, if not to arson, the loss of his hay to downright laziness, and the departure of his wife, premature, hastened, or premeditated, might even give rise to scandal and talk. The Russian loves not scandal; and we may here remark that one may seek in vain through the whole of the Russian newspaper press for those cases without two or three columns of which the French or English paper is incomplete. The reason of all this may not be a very worthy one, since complacency and the will-of-God creed are not conducive to *causes célèbres*; but at any rate in the result the foul chiffonnier who is a disgrace to our daily papers is entirely absent in Russia. To return to our peasants, there is yet another compensation—the undoubted and long-inherited right to beat his wife. Even in our own enlightened country we know that this privilege is to some extent appreciated and even prevails, but in Russia there is a double luxury in wielding the correcting flail—like Shakespeare's "quality of mercy," it has a beneficent effect upon both parties; and there are hundreds in Russia like the mythical Irish widow whose grief for her departed spouse was rendered more poignant by the conviction that she might never find again a hus-

band to knock her down so cleanly as her "poor broth of a boy." Reflecting in this manner, we may cease to wonder that the Russian, like Goldsmith's village preacher, evinces no desire for change, and proceed to the description of his village. At first sight it almost looks English. Trees are there where the village train can "lead up their sports;" but as the Russians indulge in no sports, the contemplative watcher may wait in vain for the unrolling before his eyes of that delightful idyll of English village life portrayed by our genial Oliver, which, let us hope in our charity, once, at any rate, had vogue. The village has no street, and practically consists of a broad green with wooden houses on two sides of it. In the centre of the green may be generally found two wells, from which by means of shafts resembling an immense pair of unequal scales water of varying impurity is extracted; one end of the balance, having a heavy weight attached, acts as a lever to raise the bucket.

Our village is officially known as a *seltzo* on account of its adjoining the residence of a gentleman or noble. If a village has a church it is a *selo*, one without a church and attached to no manor is a *derevnaya*—what we should call a hamlet. Very often, however, a *derevnaya* both in size and wealth is superior to other grades. It may contain a number of houses belonging to well-to-do peasants, whilst there is not a single specimen of these in our *seltzo*. The comparative affluence of these people is generally due to migration to the towns; not that they leave their village entirely, but are away during the slack time, when field work does not require the whole resources of the family. In some cases absence is more prolonged, and only occasional visits keep the absent ones in touch with their homes. To support the entire population from the proceeds of the land is out of the ques-

tion, as the amount of land apportioned on the abolition of serfdom to each village has remained unaltered, while the population has largely increased. This fact should be borne in mind by those who are inclined to over-admire the Russian land system and its village *Zemstyos*. The backward state of agriculture, by keeping harvests at a low level, acts as a heavy drag upon the rural population, but latterly a disposition has been evinced to adopt more improved implements, a state of affairs which should be taken advantage of by our machine makers, and cause them to pay more attention to a country where English-made goods are highly appreciated.

Perhaps the most noteworthy object of, and one which is easily overlooked by a traveller in, this district, is a spot set apart a little outside the village, where things held to be unclean are thrown and left to disappear under the influence of the weather. The articles considered as unclean are the utensils employed in laying out the dead, and these, covered with straw, lie there with little to distinguish the place from an ordinary refuse-heap except that it is marked by a cross, or sometimes an "Icon" or holy image is substituted. Scriptural students will not fail to identify this place with the more repulsive Gehenna of the Hebrews, although it would be very difficult to prove any common origin. This is quite a feature of this district, as the custom is purely local, and one will in vain seek for its counterpart in any other part of Russia.

In treating upon the social aspect of our village, we must necessarily first commence with the Church; and here perhaps the writer may be allowed a few remarks upon the question which is now very much broached of a possible union between the Anglican and Greek Churches. The writer himself is of opinion that the predominant attraction to this union on the English



side is the introduction of the elaborate ritual of the Greek Church and the consequent increase in importance of the priestly office, coupled with the alluring prospect of "dishing" the Church of Rome. The experience and actual condition of the Greek or Russian Church are not favorable to the realization of the former expectation. Spite of all its ritual, the priest in Russia is not respected, and the Russians, especially the peasantry, draw a most clear distinction between the man himself and the office he holds. Many curious tales may be told illustrating the nicety of the minds of the Russian lower classes in this respect. It will suffice to say that whilst the utmost veneration and respect are evinced for the message of the Church, the bearer of that message is looked upon with a mingled feeling of contempt, pity and toleration. The church of this village is a fine example of the sacred buildings prevalent; it is blessed with a belfry, the gift of a pious peasant, whose zeal was greater than his ideas of architectural proportion.

We were favored with a sitting by the priest and deacon, and also the priest's wife and daughter. The saintly pair had never been photographed before, and looked upon the opportunity as a piece of high fortune.

They, and indeed the entire population, were much interested in the whole process, but seemed disappointed that the finished prints were not at once producible by the camera, and looked upon our after-operations as rather a mystification than a necessity.

The priest's wife and daughter were dressed in holiday attire, having just returned from a formal visit paid to one of the local gentry. The wife was born in the same village, her father having held the office of parish priest. The present incumbent at one and the same time married his wife and succeeded his father-in-law in the bene-

fice. Local rumor says that he in his turn is thinking of retiring, and is now on the look-out for some aspiring cleric anxious to combine the delights of preferment with the sweets of matrimony. This is quite the customary procedure, and gives rise to much bargaining, especially when the outgoing incumbent has a good living and an ugly daughter. The poor gentleman is desirous of getting as much income settled upon himself as he possibly can in consideration of retiring, whilst the aspirant, equally anxious to surrender as little as he can, naturally depreciates the qualities and charms of the stock he has to take over. The lack of romance in such a transaction is positively painful to contemplate; love, or even simple predisposition, to put it mildly, has no part in the bargain, a fitting commencement to the dreadfully humdrum life the pair are destined for.

The income is derived from church lands, fees for marriage, and other services. Fees are also collected for paying periodical visits to the different hamlets forming the parish when services with a procession are held. Any householder desiring it is separately visited, prayers are said, holy water sprinkled and alms collected. These occasions may be said to sum up the intercourse between the priest and his flock, and in it is nothing at all of a personal character. The relations between the priest and the local gentry are of a perfunctory nature; the fact that the former is generally a person of very limited education militates against any close intimacy between the two classes. When a village is large and relatively wealthy, as this particular one, more than one priest is attached to it (and in this case there are to be found three of them), the value of the living is considerable, and admits of their leading a very easy life. But it is not to be assumed that the Russian clergy are all so fortunately

placed; on the contrary, in many districts the priest is so poor that he is obliged to cultivate his little bit of land himself, and may be often seen working in the fields just as his parishioners do. Still his condition is to some extent better than theirs, as he is generally in receipt of some Government grant, however small.

A peculiarity of the country round our village is that it is destitute of crops. No waving fields of corn brighten the landscapes in later summer, and, beyond the few necessary potatoes for vegetables, the country is left entirely to itself. The district is watered by a lazy unpicturesque river called the "Klyasma," situated some little distance from the village itself. The surrounding land, being low-lying, is covered in spring by the rising waters, fed by the melting snow, and thanks to this a rich fertilization ensues. Upon the soil left by the retreating floods a luxuriant crop of hay is grown, which is so abundant as to yield far better results than if the ground was carefully tilled and sown with cereals. This natural order of things, so thoroughly in accord with the aforesaid will-of-God theory, is peculiarly to the taste of the simple easy-going peasant; his most laborious duty seems to be to watch the grass growing under his feet, and reflect upon the good time he may look forward to when the whole population forsake their houses, leaving them in many cases entirely deserted, and form themselves into one gigantic picnic party, camping out in improvised booths, like the ancient Israelites at Succoth. The peasant at such a time to some extent puts off his air of indifference, and, armed with primitive ungainly implements or huge pitchforks made entirely of wood, he mows down and gathers into huge shapeless stacks the bountiful harvest he has neither sown nor tended.

The booths he constructs for the fam-

ily are made of earth and boards covered over with branches of trees. These, together with the haycarts brought up in line, make a very characteristic picture, and the outing is thoroughly enjoyed by all—man, woman or child. The whole affair is very orderly, as the Russian takes his enjoyments very calmly; no riotous sounds disturb the night hours, and the whole encampment is soon so quiet that the twinkling, bright eastern stars in the vast expanse above seem by their throbbing to be out of harmony where all is so peaceful and still. The boom of the bittern, or the quick sharp splash of some leaping fish in the river, alone disturbs the quietude of the night. Before the closing scene, after a good day's work, the great social function of the evening meal takes place under the friendly shadow of some trees, and here those bound together by ties of relationship sit down round the ever-present "Samovar," and never seem to tire of the cup that "cheers but does not inebriate." Here we may mention that the old description of the properties of tea is not at all correct, and that its use (inordinate, of course) brings on an attack of delirium tremens much more dreadful in its character than is produced by a too assiduous wooing of the raw spirit goddess of Ireland or of Scotland; and an attack of our "jumps" is a very mild thing compared with the frenzy shown by a Russian who has gone "tea mad." This exalted state of mind is dubbed in Russia "seeing yellow." Well, everything in this world has its use and is abused, and we must not grudge the Russian his tea, since it seems to be the one thing alone that infuses into him any animation. Brandy with him has no such effect, and he feels this to be the case. His idea of the use of intoxicants is not the primitive and Biblical one—that is, to make glad the heart. Their soporific and obli-vatory properties are qualities more

attractive, and to enjoy these advantages to the utmost he is wont, when the mood is upon him and the means at hand, to repair to some favorite dramshop, deposit all his money with the landlord, and contract with the latter to keep him drunk for as long a time as mine host thinks he can conscientiously do from the capital placed at his disposal. An important contract of this nature sometimes lasts for days and nights, and the drunkard may remain in his bestial condition for the best part of a week, never stirring from the bench and table during that time.

Still, with all his faults, the Russian has many good qualities; if he sins, he is not always sinning; he will acknowledge faults most readily, and suffers little from what we call "bestial pride." He has very little romance in his nature, and his fancy runs on gnomes, elves, wood-goblins, dwarfs, and harmless creations of a similar kind. The problem of life troubles him very lit-

tle; his "new women" find so little sympathy that they emigrate *en masse*, and seek notoriety in the Quartier Latin. If his spouse should show an inclination towards neurotic vaporings, it is endured placidly; and in the unlikely event of himself becoming tainted with a few French or English notions, it is but a passing fever, and he soon becomes Russian again.

Nihilism, in spite of all it has effected, has no real hold upon the country, and never will have until the very nature of the Russian is altered.

The fear of God, materialized as it is by him into devotion to his Czar, and hence into reverence for all authority, is taken advantage of by astute statesmen, becoming in their hands a factor of immense importance in the making of a nation's history; from which fact alone we may be sure that a higher destiny is in store for Russia and her people, whose life-story is as yet but half-unrolled.

The Leisure Hour.

"Nitchero."

## BOCCACCIO.

Boccaccio, for you laughed all laughs that are—  
The Cynic scoff, the chuckle of the churl,  
The laugh that ripples over reefs of pearl,  
The broad, the sly, the hugely jocular;  
Men call you lewd, and coarse, allege you mar  
The music that, withdrawn your ribald skirl,  
Were sweet as note of mavis or of merle—  
Wherefore they frown, and rate you at the bar.  
One thing is proved: To count the sad degrees  
Upon the Plague's dim dial, catch the tone  
Of a great death that lies upon a land,  
Feel nature's ties, yet hold with steadfast hand  
The diamond, you are three that stand alone—  
You, and Lucretius, and Thucydides.

T. E. Brown.

## A PARISIAN HOUSEHOLD.\*

BY PAUL BOURGET.

## II. THE WIFE.

The first period of Hector's married life was indeed one of absolute happiness. It lasted for about seven years, during which the journalist was establishing a reputation, while Madame Le Prieux was gradually forming a conception of her husband's work which was to have an unfortunate influence over their future.

Mathilde was one of those women whose noble beauty and extraordinary vacuity of mind form a contrast which disconcerts the observer, especially one who loves her.

Her mother was a lady of Provençal birth, her father the son of a small tradesman in the North.

These mixtures of blood, so frequent in modern families that they pass unheeded, often result in an inheritance of contradictory tendencies which paralyze each other. Perhaps one cause of race-decadence in France lies in this constant admixture of North and South, of East and West, in marriages of a too-discordant origin.

From her father Mathilde had inherited a taste for display, an implacable egotism and that inward callousness which distinguishes gamblers, especially those of the stock market. From her mother's side came her southern type of beauty which, in its purest form, has the fineness and elegance of a Greek coin. Her dark eyes were deep and flashing, her complexion was clear and pale, her low forehead and straight nose formed a line of great nobility and her small head revealed beneath masses of raven hair the long oval of the Medit-

erranean race, so praised by anthropologists. Her pearly teeth gleamed between lips chiseled as by an antique sculptor, her chin was deeply cleft and her throat modeled like that of a Tanagra figurine; withal the carriage of a Diana, the feet and hands of a child and the swimming gait for which Arlesian women are famed.

In whatever social position fate had thrown a creature thus endowed with supreme beauty, she had only to show herself to exert, without the aid of adornment, an irresistible charm. Nothing could be more fatal for a woman already prone by instinct to abuse her personal power.

The sense of being constantly adored quickly extinguishes in a pretty woman all power of judging herself; it is with her as with princes who suffer from excess of adulation or artists from excess of fame. These victims of their own success end by making their me the centre of the universe, with an ingenuousness at once naive and ferocious.

With Mathilde this autolatry had one excuse: Nature had utterly denied to her a faculty, less common than is generally supposed, which may be called for want of a better name, the altruistic spirit—the power of entering into another's heart, of understanding its ideas and grasping its shades of feeling.

Behind the proud, noble face of an antique goddess was hidden the almost animal lack of intelligence so common in the South. She was flattered by Hector's devotion, without perceiving its secret motive—the noble pity of this poet, a poet in deeds rather than in words.

\* Translated for *The Living Age* by Mary D. Frost.  
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This triumph of her beauty seemed to her only natural, and while consenting to become Madame Le Prieux she regarded herself in perfect good faith as making a sacrifice for her mother.

Madame Duret, on the other hand, had been really touched by the treasures of abnegation she divined in her daughter's lover. Enlightened by a cruel experience, she recognized in Hector qualities directly opposed to those defects in her husband's character which had precipitated their ruin. She therefore besought her daughter to accept so trustworthy a protector, and Mathilde had consented, justifying herself for the modesty of the alliance on the ground that she was immolating herself to the welfare of her mother!

Although the suitor's fortune was indeed modest, it was nevertheless an advance from an income of 4,000 to one of 10,000 francs, and permitted some lightening of poor Madame Duret's household cares.

As to the inward drama transpiring in the mind of the would-be poet, reduced to being a workman in prose, as to the secret aspirations Hector still cherished, amidst his mercenary labors, of creating a work of pure art, a poem or a romance, Mathilde had no suspicion at the time of her marriage. She suspected nothing of it after twenty years of married life, at the moment when our narrative opens. She believed herself then and still believes herself to be the most irreproachable, the most devoted of wives. She prides herself upon having "made a position" for her husband—which, being translated, signifies that she is entitled to have something like five hundred visiting cards at the New Year, in their joint names!

She will die without admitting to herself that she has sacrificed the rarest and most delicate of manly hearts to the most frivolous egotism and vanity—that of taking rank as a woman of fashion and being named in society col-

umns as "the beautiful Madame Le Prieux."

Perhaps before the close of this analysis the reader will no longer be tempted to smile at a surname which was responsible for so much real misery. It must be admitted that at the outset, Hector took pleasure in this vanity of his wife's, before he had begun to suffer from it.

It is rare that the victim of a domestic tragedy has not been himself, or herself, its first cause. Husbands and wives, parents and children are but too apt to develop in each other the failings which they will some day most bitterly deplore. So many faults of character are originally graces; duplicity begins as tact, coquetry as the desire to please, hypocrisy as reserve, and so with the rest. During his early years of wedlock Hector saw with delight how everything in his home and in his life combined to set his young wife's beauty in the fullest relief.

Why should he not rejoice, as from month to month, from year to year, he cheerfully multiplied his daily tasks in order to treble his original income? What a delight to give to his Mathilde those little luxuries so natural to a pretty young creature that it seems like barbarity to deprive her of them!

Between a twenty-five franc hat, for instance, and a coquettish toque worth three lous; between a gown costing two hundred francs and a modest "creation" of double that price, between a ready-made jacket and an artistic wrap from the best maker, the difference in style is so great, and the difference in price so trifling!

How, at least, could it fail to seem so to a husband deeply in love, and whose conjugal budget was summed up as follows: Sixty lous a year more for his wife's toilette, i.e. twenty-four more articles to write yearly. Two extra articles or so a week are a mere trifle, and, naturally, after a year of married life,



the journalist had added to his task two Paris letters a week to leading Provincial newspapers.

Madame Le Prieux' tea-gowns were thus secured without her even being aware of this extra task. Now tea-gowns imply as a matter-of-course a salon in which to display them. This salon involves a "day" as well as a man-servant to wait on the door, flowers to fill the vases, little cakes in the saucers, to pass with the tea and chocolate, and lamps to illuminate the scene!

Hector would have despised himself for haggling over small expenses like these, the more so as he was the victim, like his wife, of a strange retrospective illusion. During his engagement, whenever his eye lighted on any relic of the ex-millionaire's former splendor which had strayed into the poor apartment of the widow he experienced a sense of pity akin to remorse. This remorse continued throughout his married life; it was as if by marrying him Mathilde had sacrificed the chance of recovering these splendors. It seemed to him that this luxurious past had given the young girl a claim to a certain elegance of living in accordance with her former habits. Mathilde was similarly hypnotized by the sight of the furniture and bibelots which had survived the wreck of her prosperity—a prosperity so recent that her fall from that Olympus of luxury still appeared to her like a bad dream. This mirage of lost opulence, a mental disorder common to those who have "known better days," influenced her half-unconsciously. It was to become in the end the guiding rule of all her actions and thoughts, leading her to reconstruct little by little a copy, or rather a parody, of what would have been her actual existence if her father's failure had never occurred.

Her first indulgence of this homesickness for the past took the form of mild household extravagances calling for

sixty louis or so a week to be earned by Hector. But soon an opportunity arose for him to double his receipts, an illustrated periodical offered him one hundred francs a week for an article signed with a pseudonym. With unconscious irony he chose that of "Clavaroche."

And lo! the groom was put into livery, the flowers for Madame's "day" were supplied by a great florist, the lamps became more resplendent, as did the furniture and hangings. All of which added elegance led inevitably to a change of residence.

From the forlorn apartment opening on a dark courtyard, this beguiling furniture, these draperies and bibelots, with their tempting suggestions of departed splendor, emigrated to a smart new hotel near the parc Monceau.

Another engagement—a daily one this time—a hundred lines every evening to a French journal in St. Petersburg, was devoted to paying the rent.

What are a hundred lines or so to a facile pen, lines merely summing up for the benefit of foreigners that Boulevard gossip which a Parisian breathes in with the very air? Neither Hector nor his wife even noticed this added work. Two important events occurring at this time slightly checked the Le Prieux on the road to Parisian "high life." One was the birth of a daughter, who was named Reine after her grandmother Duret; the other was the death, after a long and painful malady, of Madame Duret herself.

The period of seclusion imposed upon Mathilde by these events and her subsequent mourning prevented her for a time from enlarging her circle of acquaintances.

This circle was still somewhat limited. She and her husband being both provincials had no ready-made set awaiting them, such as an extensive cousinship affords to Parisians in the bourgeois class as well as among the

aristocracy; and neither Hector during his modest début in literature nor the late Duret amid the ostentatious display of that wealth as quickly lost as won, had gained any foothold in society.

The speculator had gathered at his costly entertainments a motley crowd, which scattered with his millions. The guests of parvenus are like their maladies according to the *mot* of the doctor who said to his plebeian patient, "You have no right to the gout!"—a phrase which sums up a whole philosophy of social distinction. The lack of breeding in Duret's pack of parasites was betrayed by their prompt desertion of him upon his failure. This circumstance should have cured Mathilde of her craving to attain the border-land of those who receive and "go out" without being of the great world either by birth or kinship. But it was not so, the girl's disenchanting experience had not profited the woman a whit. The cynical ingratitude shown toward her mother and herself by the former habits of the Avenue Friedland did not deter Madame Le Prieux upon her marriage from subordinating everything to regaining her social position. She lived only to invite and be invited, to receive and be received.

If her father in the days of his magnificence and his millions, was surrounded only by inferior satellites, it may be imagined that the set with whom the journalist's wife exchanged costly civilities was far from being what is called in the jargon of the day, the upper crust, the *crème de la crème*. It consisted of a group of Hector's fellow journalists with their families, the wives of a few rising advocates, anxious to enlist Hector's influence for their husbands, and a sprinkling of the rich bourgeoisie or mercantile class—but to enumerate them all would be as irksome as to associate with them. This, however, was the salon in which

Mathilde played at being a woman of the world, the stage upon which she received that homage to her beauty which had become the breath of life to her.

But an unexpected occurrence was about to enlarge her sphere. The director of a leading Boulevard journal offered to Le Prieux the post of dramatic critic. Although theatrical criticism has no longer the same importance as when illustrated by Gautier, St. Victor, Janin, Weiss and Sarcey—to speak only of the dead—still no position is more eagerly coveted and each successive vacancy brings forward a score of candidates. Le Prieux had not even to solicit the office; he was reaping the fruits of that quality which insures success in every department of life; the professional conscience. By the moderation and equity of his judgments upon men and things, by the accuracy of his information, he had acquired that mysterious power which is called authority.

To those familiar with the incredible levity of much newspaper work, it suffices to say that Hector had never criticised a book without having turned its leaves. He had also the good fortune not to arouse envy at the outset of his career. That obscure and implacable passion, the curse of literary life, is excited less by the fame than by the personality. The man of great talent does not envy the less gifted man who has succeeded where he has failed; it is the lesser man who in the flush of his triumph will envy that other in the midst of failure. We cannot be bitterly jealous of these whom we believe *in petto* to be our inferiors.

Le Prieux' strength from the start lay in the fact that he had neither personal, literary nor social advantages that could humiliate anyone. Envious rivals were to come later with his social successes, his coupé and the toilettes of his wife.

His début as a dramatic critic would in fact have passed unnoticed if he had not at once assumed the habit of appearing at "first nights" with his young wife, whom many of his fellow-journalists already knew. The beauty of Mathilde, then barely twenty-eight, was too dazzling not to attract immediate notice in that unvarying round of Parisian functions where, as has been aptly said: "It is always the same game that is being shot." Among all those faces, withered by late hours, cosmetics and nervous excitement, her appearance obtained an immediate success of curiosity.

The seats assigned the Le Prieux at the Français, the Vaudeville, the Variétés, everywhere in short, were modest balcony chairs—not the box adapted to receiving visits which Madame secured later—therefore all the lorgnettes in the house could freely study that beautiful face of so classic a type which, when in repose and absorbed by the play, put on a marvellous semblance of intelligence and feeling. Mathilde would not have been the woman she was if she had not felt this triumph in every fibre of her being, and sought some means of spreading and prolonging it. Paris would not have been Paris if it had not provided among the habitués of "first nights" a fitting Barnum for this rising celebrity. Such volunteer heralds of a triumph which they anticipated, and which they double by proclaiming it, abound in this strange city, where there rages a sort of mania, a mad infatuation for each new star that glitters in the changing sky of fashion, if only for a night.

There are similar exploiters of a dawning success for books and pictures, for foreign princes and explorers, for new plays and pretty women.

Let us say at once to avert unjust suspicion, that an admirer of this sort is usually of the platonic order. He has an idea at the back of his brain

which precludes what one has gaily called "*la bagatelle*." The advantage he looks for from the success of his particular beauty is one of vanity or self-interest. If he pays her court it is of the discreetest kind and consists in giving dinners at smart restaurants at which the Beauty presides and where she meets society people; if he asks for a rendezvous it is to escort her, as her *cavalier servant*, and to show himself at her side at those resorts where "all Paris" assembles; a water-color exhibition, a horse-show or an academy reception.

Ordinarily it is not a single cavalier whose patronage the pretty woman has to endure. She has an escort of two or three or four Arguses, watching each other as jealously as if they were really lovers, instead of being either calculating maneuverers or harmless and ridiculous snobs.

But for readers familiar with the Parisian comedy it suffices to name the discoverer of the beautiful Madame Le Prieux. It was Crucé, the famous collector, that adroit sexagenarian who having run through his fortune thirty years before, now made a handsome income as an amateur dealer in curios, disposing of the treasures of his collection at an exorbitant price to his friends and mysteriously replenishing the supply. In this capacity he had been a frequenter of the hôtel Duret, where he had often supplied his host with sham antiques—his specialty.

He had been among the first to forget that the unfortunate speculator had left a widow and child; but seeing Mathilde one day in her resplendent beauty his memory revived.

It was still further stimulated on learning that she was the wife of one of the "great guns" of the Paris press, for Crucé had his eye upon a flaming puff for an approaching sale of curios. Having been duly presented to Madame Le Prieux, he recalled to her

with emotion that he had known her when she was "as high as his knee." And thus it was under the auspices of this so-called friend of the family, who would have inspired her with disgust if her thirst for celebrity had been less keen, that Mathilde entered upon her career as a society woman!

Let us here pause to draw up the lady's balance-sheet, as a brutal array of figures may serve to point a moral better than any commentary.

In 1897, the year in which this family drama opens, the annual liabilities of the Le Prieux household were as follows: 8000 francs for the large new apartment in the Rue Général Foy, suitable for receptions; 1200 francs for carriage-hire—that famous coupé by the month, which created for the journalist as many enemies as he had fellow-journalists riding in cabs.

Add 4000 francs in wages for the indispensable corps of servants, to wit: a butler, a housemaid, a cook, a cook's assistant and a groom, besides extra service for state dinners.

Add 12,000 francs for Madame Le Prieux' toilette and that of the daughter, and 2000 for flowers, and we have reached the total of 38,000, to which must be added 5000 a year for Hector's personal expenses. This, with the myriad subscription lists for truly Parisian "charities" to which it is the correct thing to set one's name, and with Madame's two great dinners a month, her two or three soirées with music every season, and her wedding-gifts, which are among the costliest at all society-weddings, brings up the grand

total to 60,000 francs—that 60,000 francs which Hector earns annually and on the strength of which he is said to have "arrived."

Now let us reckon up the labors of the husband, and, for the honor of a profession by turns over-lauded and calumniated, we must lay stress upon the strict integrity of this toiler of the pen, who has no conception of a "job," and has never touched a farthing except for honest work.

Le Prieux earns in the first place 1200 francs a year as theatrical critic, at the rate of three articles per week. He has ceased, naturally, to be a reporter to the courts, but continues to be one of the chief contributors to a Boulevard journal, for which he receives the highest price paid, 350 francs an article; remaining faithful to his illustrated magazine which has prospered like himself, he makes 150 by his weekly "Clavaroche" article.

A fortnightly contribution to a South American paper makes two more articles a month; his art criticism for a fifth sheet with a critique of the Salon adds thirty-six articles a year to the account. A daily telegraphic correspondence with the two most important provincial news-sheets completes his budget of receipts which balances, or so he believes, the budget of expenses, while allowing him a very modest life-insurance out of his savings.

Thus he averages sixty articles per month or seven hundred and twenty a year. This is what "the beautiful Madame Le Prieux" calls making her husband a position!

(To be continued.)

## PRISCILLA HOBBS.

## I.

John Crome, reading his paper in his comfortless lodgings before going to bed, heard his neighbor come up the noisy, carpetless stairs and open her door. Then, a moment or two afterwards, there was a shriek, and the crash of something breakable, and hard slamming of the door. Wondering what this portended, and what he ought to do, he heard his name loudly called, and hastening out of his room and opening the opposite door, he stumbled up against the girl in the dark.

"Shut it! shut it!" she cried, "or he'll get out!"

"Get out!" cried Crome; "is it a man?"

"It's a cat! It's that cat that's always harming us! When I came up just now and lit a match, I saw the great horrid beast actually sitting on the top of the cage; I know it has killed my Billy! I threw the candlestick at it, and it came hissing and spitting down. And now I want to hunt it out and kill it. I shall never have any more peace as long as it lives!"

"You had better get a light first," said Crome. "I hope you were in time to save the bird." In her hurry to find a match Priscilla first fell headlong over a little table, and then nearly broke her skull against the mantelpiece.

"What shall we do with it?" she asked, eagerly turning to the man, after seeing that, though in a very rumpled-up condition, the little canary was still sitting safe on his perch.

"It's really rather difficult to know what to do. Suppose—"

"I'll tell you what I think we'd better do; we'll drop it quietly out of the window."

"That will most certainly kill the cat, Miss Hobbes."

"But I *want* to kill it; I'm not going to have that sneaking treacherous beast coming in every time I leave the room, and eating my Billy. Or would it be best just to knock it on the head first with the poker?"

Crome, understanding that he would be called on to act as executioner if this proposal was agreed to remained silent.

"You could give it a good toss afterwards," she suggested, "and then it would go into the next court—and they wouldn't know who had done it."

"I'm afraid they would find out somehow, or guess at any rate; suppose we gave it a good beating, and then I took it downstairs and pitched it into the street. I don't think it would ever come back again."

"Oh yes, it would, Mr. Crome!" cried the girl; "oh, that would be no use at all! You don't know what a beast it is! If you had seen it glaring at me from the cage, and spitting! If *you* won't kill it, *I* will!"

"If it has to be killed, I suppose I must do it," he said, reluctantly.

"Think how much harm it has done you, too! how many nights it has kept you awake with its horrid squealing! Now, let's poke it out! how will you catch it?"

"I don't know," said Crome; "I don't think I ever killed a cat in this way before; I've generally shot them." He looked about unwillingly for a weapon.

"Here's the poker," said Priscilla, handing it to him. "Now—it's under the bed. I'll shut my eyes, and hold my ears—one of them—and drive it out with the broom. And you must whack it as it comes. Now, are you ready?"



"Yes," said Crome, feebly putting himself into a position of attack, and greatly wishing he had gone to a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association meeting he had seen advertised for that night.

"Boo-oo-whish-scat!" cried Priscilla, poking her broom into the cat's hiding-place. But no cat appeared. Then, taking both hands, she raised the end of the bed and let it come down with a rush; and still nothing issued forth. She went down on all fours to reconnoitre.

"He's not here," she said in a disappointed tone; "I was sure he went in here. Then he's under that chair in the corner." But the chair also was catless. "Oh dear!" exclaimed the girl, "where can he be?"

"I fear that he must have got out before you shut the door," said Crome, secretly rejoicing.

"Oh no! he couldn't do that; I was so quick; he must be behind that dress hanging there! yes—I saw it move! hit it as hard as you can!" Crome struck the garment, but did no harm to the beast in question, for it was not there. "I think it is a spirit cat!" exclaimed Priscilla, in great vexation.

"We are like the man who sold the skin before he killed the bear," she added, laughing a little. "Well now, I shall never dare to leave my room again."

Crome, however, showed her how to hang the cage so that the tyrant of the back-yard could not—unless he was in very sooth more than an ordinary cat—get at it. Priscilla picked up the fragments of the candlestick, and a feather or two from her little friend's tail, and then she poked the dull mass of coal in the grate into a cheerful blaze.

"I'm going to have some cocoa," she said, putting a little white-lined pan on the fire; "sit down for a minute, and have some too, after your trouble." She gave the invitation with just that little spice of peremptory hospitality which her mother, or any farmer's wife in the

dale where she used to live, would have used to a guest. Crome afterwards wondered what excuse a clever man would have been able to give on the spur of the moment, if he did not wish to accept the offer or offend the giver of it. He watched Priscilla stir in the powder, and in a minute or two got his cup. "There," she said, with a little air of triumph, "that's better than you make for yourself, I'm sure."

"Do you know, Miss Hobbes," said Crome, as he drank his cocoa, "that I'm rather glad on the whole that that creature did get away."

"I'm not," she said.

"I should have felt rather uncomfortable killing it up here in cold blood."

"I shouldn't. My blood was hot enough when I saw it clinging on to the cage with its great yellow eyes glaring at me. But perhaps—on the whole—it is as well."

"I think so. And then it would have been rather a business disposing of it."

"We might have carried it a little way down the street," said Priscilla, "and left it near some other person's house."

"And that," replied Crome, rapidly forming the procession in his mind's eye, "would have been rather awkward too—if we had happened to meet the police."

How long these two poor innocents would have existed—so near to each other and yet so far apart—if their coming together had depended on their individual modesty or indifference, it is hard to say; perhaps they would never have come together. This little incident formed a kind of introduction, and after it they lived on less cold and formal terms with one another. They learnt something of each other's history. Priscilla indeed soon told the man pretty nearly all there was to tell about her simple affairs. She would chat away whenever she got an opportunity in very un-

reserved fashion about her life on the fell farm. But the opportunities depended on Crome, and they did not come very often.

## II.

One Saturday morning Crome found himself a free man with a day at his own disposal. A public building was to be opened in the town, a great personage had arrived for the ceremony, and work was over—as far as work ever can be over in such a busy place—till Monday. He determined to devote the morning to writing some private business letters, and sat down to them soon after breakfast; but for some time his thoughts, do what he would to check them, kept wandering away unhappily to old times; he sat idly drawing on the blotting-paper, staring at the dismal outlook from the window, doing anything but what he had set himself to do. It was eleven o'clock, and he had made little headway with his work, when there was a knock at the door, and Priscilla in her hat and jacket stood on the threshold.

"I'm going to spend my holiday," she said, "out of this horrid, crowded town—in the country; I'm going primrose-hunting, and I thought—perhaps—you wouldn't be offended if I came and asked you if you would care to come too." She spoke with a good deal of hesitation as if she was not sure how her invitation would be received.

There flashed through Crome's mind in a moment the almost impropriety of his going a-holiday-making with this girl—his extreme disinclination to do such a thing; his satisfaction at having such a good and obvious excuse. "It is very kind of you," he said, "but I am afraid such a thing is quite impossible. I have"—he looked at the littered table—"a great many letters which I must write to-day."

"I'm sorry you can't come," said Pris-

cilla; "there's a train before twelve; we should be on the moor by one. I know there will be lots of primroses out now in the sunny corners—it has been so warm and fine."

"I am afraid it is quite impossible," replied the man. His visitor still stood in the doorway; with her bright color and happy eyes she looked like a buxom embodiment of spring herself. She still held to her point.

"It will be lovely on the fells to-day—away from all the crowd and bustle and horrid bands! I don't want to see the Prince and be crushed to death. Perhaps you can come after all."

"Really, Miss Hobbes," began Crome, "you see I've so much to do, and—"

"I think you had better come," said the girl, with something of coaxing in her voice. She spoke just after the fashion—he knew it—in which she would try to over-persuade some young fellow of her own rank to do something he ought not to do, and he was amused and half-pleased and yet half-irritated at the persistence of her pleading. But since she had stood there and spoken of the fresh country-side his task had become still more distasteful to him and difficult; he thought of the long dreary day before him, the solitary meals, the crowded streets in which he would meet no friendly face. And then, suddenly, he made up his mind to accept the offer.

"I will come, then," he said, shutting up the blotting-book determinedly, "and let these wait. It is good of you to ask me."

Priscilla showed by her face that she was pleased. "That's nice of you," she said heartily; "it's so much pleasanter going with some one than alone. Now I'll run off and get some things I want and meet you at the station at twelve sharp."

So soon as she was gone Crome repented him of his weakness; it was not very wise or prudent of him to go wandering about the country with that girl,

and would it even be a very pleasant thing to do? The robust charms of this fell-side maiden did not fascinate him, and he knew that there was no possibility of anything which could be called a flirtation arising between them. He was never for a moment unconscious of the difference in their social positions, or rather in their real positions, for socially they might now be called on a level. Whether the expedition was a desirable one to make or not, he was in for it now. He made some change in his dress, and arrived at the station in good time, and was soon safely seated in a third-class carriage with his companion for the day. Priscilla was breathless and radiant; she explained that most of the shops in the town were shut and she had found it difficult to get anything for their dinner; she looked with approval at Crome's gray shooting-suit, and felt glad that she had put on her best frock, and not her second best, as she had at first thought of doing. To her there seemed nothing unnatural or incongruous in their thus setting forth, and she looked forward with keen enjoyment, untouched by any feeling of embarrassment, to their little outing.

People were pouring into the town that day, very few seemed going out of it, and they had the carriage to themselves. In an hour it was smoking forty miles behind them, and they were far up amongst the stone-walled pastures, the debatable land which lies between the moor proper and the cultivated land below. "If we don't find so many primroses here," explained Priscilla, "they'll be sweeter and better ones and it's so nice to be high up." They had their lunch, or as she called it, their dinner, in the middle of a narrow winding gill, which ran up from the low country right into the moor. The soil in this gill was a good red loam, and the naturally planted oaks grew well in it, so long as they stood in the shelter, putting up straight clean stems toward

the sun. But when they got big enough to look over the wind-swept fell they commenced a hard fight with the elements and suffered in it, taking, perhaps, as long to grow an inch now as a foot lower down, and getting gnarled and lichen-stained and sorely cropped in the process—not unfit emblems, Crome thought sadly, of a man who starts life in luxury and ease, and then suddenly finds himself struggling for bare life. Through the thick carpet of last year's crisp brown leaves the soft hooked stems of bracken were pushing up, and brave clumps of primroses nestled amongst the undergrowth of hazel, while delicate anemones and pale scentless violets fringed the higher parts of the banks.

### III.

Priscilla, with some pride, emptied her basket. There were two large mutton-pies in it, and two mince-pies, and two cheese-cakes, and two oranges. Crome would have been willing to change some of the abundant pastry for a very small modicum of whisky; but he had to quench his thirst with an orange and the water from the beck. The caterer devoured every crumb of her share; for her perfect digestion the toughest and the largest quantity of pastry had no terrors. Then the man lit a pipe and lay on his back, and wondered if he was dreaming and would awake to find he was far away on a Scottish hill with a keeper at his side instead of a country girl. As he poked the papers in which the lunch had been wrapped into a hole, he thought of the hundreds of times he had done the same thing before, smoking, maybe, the very pipe he had in his mouth now, his only care or anxiety then being that the wind should be right for the beat he was on for the rest of the day, for either his setters or the deer.

"Do you see that clump of sycamores

—far away over there," said Priscilla, interrupting his reverie, "though of course you can't tell they are sycamores from here. That's Hindfell, and if we were round you shoulder you could see the house. I wonder if it will be mine some day! perhaps not! And what shall I do then?"

"I hope it will be yours," said Crome.

"If it isn't I shall have to earn my living in downright earnest," she continued; "and I'm sure I don't know what I'm fit for. I'm not clever enough to be a schoolmistress or a telegraph-girl, as so many are now, and of course I don't know enough to be a governess. . . . A neighbor of ours not long since went up to London to be a nurse at a hospital, but she had a wretched time of it. They made her scrub floors and wash up things, and she never saw any of the patients hardly, and after a year they said she wasn't strong enough, and sent her away. I think she paid them money, too. She was a sight to see when she came back—her clothes just hanging on her—and she as big and strong as me when she went to them. What could I do?" she asked, disconsolately, after a long pause.

"I'm afraid it's very difficult for any one to find things to do."

"The only thing I really could be properly is a dairymaid, and of course that would be a sad come down. I *do* know about that. I think I could take charge of a large dairy; and that's the only thing in the whole wide world I'm fit for!" Priscilla made this announcement in a most melancholy voice. "I know my uncle sometimes means to leave me the farm, and sometimes he doesn't. One can never be sure *what* he means. And he might die any day."

"Well," said Crome, after another long pause, "let us hope he will leave it to you and then you will be all right. I should think he will." Coming down from the moor they passed an old mill, and Priscilla told a little story about it.

"Long ago," she said, "oh! perhaps nearly a hundred years ago now, there were a lot of men working in the quarry there, and one Saturday afternoon—just as it might be to-day, the man in charge was coming along—just where we are now—to pay them. He had a bag of money with him. I used to think," said the girl, laughing, "that he had it in a sack on his back, and was staggering along just as one does coming from the granary, but I suppose it was in his pocket. That plantin' was thick then, the trees were young, and a bad scoundrel hid himself in the middle of it with a pistol. He waited till the poor clerk was just opposite and then shot him, like a coward that he was, in the back, and got the money. The murderer was a dry-stone-dyke builder, and I'll show you farther on a queer-shaped stone he set in the wall on the morning of that very day. Father said he must have had two or three men to help him, it is so very big."

They stopped opposite the great boulder, and Crome thought of that Saturday long ago, and the slow approach of the victim, and the anxious watch of the executioner.

"A hundred years ago," he said. "Well, it's a quiet, peaceful place now, isn't it? I suppose almost every single person who was alive when that shot was fired is dead now—good and bad. And there that stone will lie for perhaps many centuries more, with hardly a line on it altered, till *we* are all dead and forgotten. And the story will go on."

"Yes!" cried Priscilla, eagerly, much struck by this sage bit of philosophy; "that's just what I feel myself!"

Their train did not leave till nearly five, and it was yet hardly four; how was the intervening time to be filled up?

"There is a little inn down by the wood there," the girl said. "Should we go to it and get some tea, instead of waiting about the station? It is a tidy

little place." The evening was cold now, and threatening rain.

"Should you like some tea?" asked Crome. "Well, let us go."

#### IV.

The "End of the World" was a whinstone-built house, standing almost on the road, with a large straggling fir wood in front of it, and a moory common behind. If report did not lie, it used to be a place of meeting for poachers, and it was associated in the mind of the superintendent of police in the district with more serious crimes. But those days had passed; the place had lately changed hands, the thatched roof had given way to a slated one, the garden was fenced in, and the sign—a globe falling over a precipice—had been repainted. You might search the loft and barn through and through now, and find neither partridge-net nor cleek nor gun.

They went into the stuffy parlor; there was an oilskin-covered table in the middle, and some slippery chairs round it; a bleared looking-glass, and a badly stuffed fallow-deer's head, and a fox-hunt painted by a local artist ornamented the walls. The fox depicted here was on so large a scale, and in every way so truly formidable a beast, that you could understand the evident reluctance of the queerly-shaped hounds to attack him. After a long wait a woman appeared.

"What'll you be wanting?" she asked shortly, immediately exclaiming, "Why—bless my soul, if it isn't Priscilla Hobbes! Why, Priscilla! who'd ever hev thowt o' coming across you to-neet! Well, Ah is glad, dear, dear! Measter!" she cried, in an authoritative voice, "here a minute—you're wanted!"

"Why, Mrs. Buck!" said the girl, "I'm just as surprised to see you! I never knew you'd left the Clickum!"

"Well, the Clickum left us, you see—

there was fairly nowt doin' there at last since they altered t' rwoad, so Ah sez to oor Measter, 'Jacob,' sez Ah, 'let's away oot o' this afwore we lose *all* we hev!' And then auld Timmery died, and his fwoolk didn't know what to do, so we just got the license transferred, and came in at Martinmas. If it isn't a gold-mine it's a better place for bidin' in than *yon*. But come in, come in oot o' this cold. Jacob!" she cried, as her huge spouse came peering into the dimly lit room, "here's Priscilla Hobbes come to see us, and her young man."

"You're welcome! you're welcome!" said the worser half of the establishment, in a hoarse voice.

"There's been a weddin' here to-day," explained Mrs. Buck. "You mind o' Pamela Gregorwon? Well, Pamela's been weddit this mworning to young Tyson up at Moorhouse Broad Tops, and they're off to Leeds for their honeymoon. And we've two or three lasses and a lad or two in wid us noo, and Ah believe they'll be dancing befowre they break up. You mun stop and see."

"We can't do that," said Priscilla; and then, as he followed the two upstairs, Crome heard a whispered conversation, no doubt about himself.

A dozen or more people were sitting round a well-covered tea-table in a large room, the gentler sex predominating. Some of them knew Priscilla and heartily welcomed her, and looked with no little curiosity at the tall, well-dressed man who was her escort. Crome, two or three years ago, when he held an assured position in the world, would have thought nothing of Mrs. Buck's mistake, would indeed have been the first to laugh at it. Accustomed to electioneering, to canvassing in all its branches, to the open-hearted hospitality of Cumberland farmhouses, it was no very new thing for him to find himself one of such a gathering as was here, and in those happier days no feeling of awkwardness would have touched him;



he would have chatted away quite comfortably about the wedding with his neighbors, and with his host about the weather and his sheep. But now he took the seat willingly allotted to him between two stalwart damsels with silent misery in his heart. Whatever the girl might think about it, it was hateful to him to be introduced in such a fashion, and from the bottom of his heart he cursed the indecision which was responsible for his sufferings.

The table was loaded with good things—cold ham, beef and pie, great piles of griddle-cakes and buttered toast, cheese, marmalade and preserve. Some of the party were drinking tea, some beer. One young man with a long black moustache and black whiskers, cut off in a straight line between the upper part of his ear and his mouth, drank rum. This was the acknowledged leader of the revels, the beau of the feast. He had acted as best man in the morning, and was now the active moving spirit and wit of the room. Before he left the house Crome hated this man as he thought he had never hated one of his fellow-creatures before. It was not that the man was intentionally rude; he only did what he would willingly have been done by under similar circumstances. If he had come into the middle of a festive gathering such as this, with a pretty girl in his charge, he would have thought it not only reasonable but right and proper that allusion should be made to the fact; he had not heard Mrs. Buck's introduction, but nothing of that kind was necessary; his experienced eye took in the situation at once; here was a young fellow, a stranger, in company with an old friend of his; he must be made to feel at home, to be one of themselves, and learn the good feeling and friendship which existed in the dale society.

He insisted on Crome and Miss Hobbes not being separated for a moment; he called on the young ladies who

sat on either side of the *ci-devant* squire to make room for her, assuring them at the same time of his sympathy with them for being so speedily torn away from such a desirable neighbor. When the giggling girls, entering fully into the fun of the thing, continued to sit still, the groomsman insisted on his suggestion being carried out, and assured Crome that "his young lady" would not thank him afterwards for his politeness unless he insisted too. And it was not till the landlady saw that things were going too far that this irrepressible person was content to sit down, fully satisfied that he had maintained his character for ready and sparkling humor. When Priscilla saw Crome's face grow stern instead of merely red, she gave Mrs. Buck a kick under the table, and the good lady took the hint.

"Well, now, that's enough of your jokin', Aaron. Dear me! who meade *you* chairman to-neet, Ah wonder? Ah doubt the rum's been ower strang for yon. Now, Bessy, and you, Annabel, just bide where you are, and look after the gentleman; he's likely to starve for all the care *you're* takin' of him. Him and Priscilla's seen plenty o' each other to-day, I daresay, and are glad to sit separate a bit." Crome was aghast; was there never to be an end to these innuendos? Yet he felt how perfectly natural it was that the worthy people should jump to their conclusions; and did he not deserve every bit of the misery he was undergoing for his stupid folly? Was it wonderful that every one in the room believed he was courting Miss Hobbes? He looked at his watch oftener perhaps than good breeding would have allowed; never did an hour pass so slowly, and it was an indescribable relief to him when at last they got away.

To Priscilla the day had been one of almost perfect happiness. But when she said good night to her companion

she added, with a little hesitation, "You didn't think it forward of me, Mr. Crome, to ask you to go with me to-day, did you?"

"Of course not," he replied; "how could it have been? It was very kind of you to think of me."

But it was something of a relief to Crome that a week or so after this outgoing a message—not unexpected altogether—arrived from old Mr. Booth, asking his niece to go back to her old home and look after it for him. So she went; willing or unwilling, such a message had to be obeyed. Crome missed her just as he would have

missed the pleasant face of any kindly neighbor—missed her the more because he had so few neighbors, and none perhaps who could be called kindly. Till within the last two or three years he had been a comparatively rich man, living in good society; and when absolute ruin, through no fault of his own, turned him for the time into a surveyor's office, he found it almost impossible to make friends with the people with whom only he was brought in contact—kind people they were many of them, and good people, but not of his order.

Gilfrid W. Hartley.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

(To be concluded.)

## CHAUCER'S WORLD.

The essential interest of Chaucer's work lies not in its representation of mediæval life, but in its revelation, sometimes almost prophetic, of the elements which we know, from record or by actual contact, as part of a more modern England. The Age of Faith lay behind, if, indeed, that fascinating Age does not fly further and further from our search, till it loses itself in the mists of Iona or the obscurity of the Catacombs. At any rate, the Age of St. Dominic and St. Louis was past, and an impassable gulf seemed to sever it from the contemporaries of Wicliffe and Parson Ball. In Italy and France there had been an awakening of the human spirit, which was a kind of false alarm of the great awakening of the Renaissance. Something of this early stir communicated itself even to the remote scholars of England, and Chaucer became, in a manner, the untimely herald not only of the melodious bursts of song, but also of the liberal thought and discursive culture that distinguish the

spacious times of Elizabeth. The baronial feuds, which were so effectual in hastening political liberation, rudely checked the liberation of the spirit. Not many nobles had, like Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, the heart for long and curious studies, when it was so difficult a task to keep their heads on the battlefield or from the block.

Behind Chaucer lay the mediæval world, the world of saintly miracles and fantastic deeds of chivalry, a world mysterious with dreams from the Forest of Brocelande, elfin echoes from Caerleon or Tintagel, when all the land was "fulfild of fayerye," and one had but to take horse and ride out at the frowning gate of some castle-crowned burgh to strike at once into an unknown land of forest or waste heath, beckoning to adventures endless such as those half-told that befell Sir Thopas. It was a society, in that ancient world, of rude barons secluded in their impregnable fastnesses, where they could give rein to all the lust of avarice, pride and

cruelty, and lowered over a sparse community of beast-like serfs. It was a society almost devoid of intellectual resource, a society of knights who could barely spell and clerks who could hardly write. Its sustenance and its recreation were, on the one hand, a barren and rigid theology; on the other, narratives embellished of dry blows and furious maners, the moral treatise, or the *chanson de geste*.

All this lay behind Chaucer. Around him there was growing up a very different world. The sturdy Saxon courage had been crushed for a time; it had not been tamed. The noble could no longer bid defiance to the world from the security of his Gothic keep. There had come back into the country from the Crusades engineers who could make short work of portcullis and barbican. Even those clumsy, ineffective cannon were, at least, a menace. Besides, against the extortions of a Lackland, the faithlessness of a Henry of Winchester, the Norman noble had been fain to invoke the aid of the Saxon churl. In the green shaw many a man, who had taken for motto, "He moste needës walke in woods that may not walke in toun," had made head against all the King's power. The fame of these outlaws was dear to every yeoman who drew a good bow, whose "not-heed" no quarter-staff could break, and whose homely English visage had been embrowned by the suns of France. Nor were the burghers, whose shops had clustered at the foot of the castle rock, any longer the cringing dependents of a feudal lord. The Londoners made a little army of themselves, and had turned the fortune of more than one field. William de la Pole, of Hull, became the founder of a noble, almost a royal house. Canynges of Bristol, Whittingtons of London, rose to a state almost as princely as that of the Florentines or Venetians, whose names were inscribed in their "*Libri d'oro*." Chaucer, himself a Londoner,

and the son of, perhaps, such a jovial host as the keeper of the Tabard, was bred at Court, where his father was often in attendance, became the friend of Princes, and the accredited agent of the Crown in matters of high diplomacy. There seems to have been a larger and more opulent middle-class at this time than we find again till the present day. The crafts-gilds entered into competition with the great trade-gilds. A weaver, a dyer, and a carpenter, are introduced in the Tales, each with property and rent enough to become an alderman. Their wives intend that their husbands shall soon attain that dignity, when they themselves will be styled "*mes dames*," take precedence in church, and have their trains carried by pages in queen-like state. The Wife of Bath, who carried on a cloth-making trade on her own account, was able for her own pleasure to make travels almost as extensive as those of the knight-adventurer in his own career. Even in the country the middle-classes were treading on the kibes of the nobility. The Reeve lived in a pleasant house standing by itself on the common, and sheltered by trees.

His woning was ful fair up-on an  
heeth,  
With greene treës shadwed was his  
place—

something like a manor-house in a park, it would seem. Though he liked to get the present of a coat and hood from his master, the reeve was a greater capitalist than the lord of the manor.

The glamor and mystery had fled from forest and heath with the rapid growth of the towns, and the invasion of waste land by farm and thorp and stead. The country was invaded in different fashion too, by the various mendicant orders, "*limitours* and othere holy freres," who swarmed everywhere—

As thikke as motes in the sonne-beem,  
 Blessinge halles, chambres, kitchenes,  
     boures,  
 Citees, burghes, castels, hye toures,  
 Thropes, bernes, shipnes (*i.e.*, stables),  
     dayeryes,

they were the cause "That there had been no fayeryes"—an odd contrast this to the good Bishop Corbet's belief, in the days of King James, that the disappearance of the elves was due to the suppression of the abbeyes! Into every village and township these wandering friars carried the news of the day. "The itinerant friar was of necessity a newsman." In the village tavern the friar did then what the thumbled news sheet does now. He was the one link with a wider world, and he furnished the material for the sluggish talk that circled round the ale-benches. And every friar bearing the scandals of Avignon and Rome, intrigue and counter-intrigue, and slanderous depreciation of rival orders—as in the conversation of the Holderness limitour who complained of the parish priests—

Thise curats been ful neegligent and  
     slowe

To grope tendrely a conscience—

and described so contumeliously the regular monks—

Fat as a whale, and walking as a  
     swan,

Al vinolent as botel in the spence  
 When they for soules seye the Psalm  
     of Davit,

Lo, "buf," they seye, *cor meum eructavit*—

or in the mutual recriminations of "Peres the Ploughmans Crede"—was unconsciously disseminating revolt and incredulity. Feminine sensibilities were touched by their dexterous acting and ready tears. The masculine intellect was disgusted by their absurd pretensions. Wives and daughters ran after relics, and welcomed the holy men with

open arms. Husbands and fathers suspected their undue familiarity, and resented, like Thomas of Holdernessee, their unmannerly intrusion into the domestic circle.

The rapid extension of knowledge militated against ecclesiastical claims. For scholastic hair-splitting had been substituted Greek subtlety. Porphyry and Aristotle were read in preference to Aquinas. Boëthius was the clerk's study now; not the Legends of Saints. Miracles were the staple of conversation only to churchmen and nuns. The marvellous was relegated from the region of ubiquitous reality to the distant unknown. The borders of the world had been enlarged. Marco Polo had penetrated to the heart of a civilization older by centuries than the Roman or the Greek. In the Squire's Tale we hear of Cambinskan (Ginghis Khan), of Camballo, a personification, or misreading, of Cambaluc (Pekin), of Sarrai, the ancient Mongol capital. Sir John Maundeville had discovered that even Mahomedans were in possession of a revelation—faint, compared to that which Christians enjoyed and abused, but genuine, of the Truth of God. Arabian science prevailed over mediæval obscurantism. Avicenna and Averroës, their clear-cut logic filtering through the medium of Latin paraphrases, had tintured even Scholastic philosophy. Criticism had begun to make havoc of other impostures than the asses' bones and dilapidated shirts which the pardoners paraded. Master Harry Bally's treatment of relics is too outspoken to bear quotation. Chaucer laughs slyly at the pretensions of the Alchemists. The host non-plusses the Canon's Yeoman, when he boasts that his master by his skill can pave all the ground from Boghton-under-Blee to Canterbury with silver and gold, by the pertinent inquiry why a man of such mastership goes in such sluttish and tatter-de-mallion array.

Chaucer, who is not, perhaps, "a master of them that know," lord of all the intellectual wealth of his generation, like Dante, is, perhaps, at least as great a scholar as the "moral Gower;" only he carries his knowledge with the lightness of a man of the world, and not like a pedant. But under all his knowledge and all his culture, his Italian eloquence and rhetoric, his brilliance of French chivalry, he is at heart the plain English *bourgeois* of birth and temperament. It was a hard-headed, light-hearted race of which he came, with all the qualities of a full-fed animal, leading an open-air life. The sturdy Anglo-Saxon life was still in full vigor. Robin Hood and Little John were dead and gone, but the outlaws had not quite deserted the forests. They still, even in Chaucer's time, lay in wait for the merchants passing to and from the great fair at Winchester. The Teutonic race was full of music and noise. The miller brought the pilgrims out of town to the sound of bagpipes. The squire was singing all day long. The Friar "well coude singe and playen on a rote." The Pardoner "loude song 'Come hider, love, to me.'" They loved sport like the King to whom the deer were as his brother, and knights never rode to the war without the resource of a cast of hawks. It was necessary that they should live most of their lives in the open air, for their homes were without any of the conveniences or even the decencies that we require. Their pageants were

magnificent, their dress superb, at their tables they were "Epicurus's own sons," but their houses were little better than hovels; the furniture of a manor-house consisted of little more than a few benches, a few pots and pans, a few platters, an iron candle-stick and a salt-box. In the miller's house, and the miller was a man of substance, it was necessary for the guests to sleep in the same room as the women of the family. It was inevitable that these men should be coarse in manners and thought. Their objection to the impositions of friars and monks was founded on no religious feeling. They were as ready to cry out on Lollardry if they were rebuked for swearing; their ears ached at the "drasty speche" when they heard that Sir Thopas was a water-drinker. Professor Minto has found the motive of Chaucer's genius in the spirit of chivalry. If he had only left those poems which are inspired by chivalrous ideals we should have found him a beautiful but ineffectual poet. He wrote the "Boke of the Duchesse" and the "House of Fame" to please his patrons; the "Canterbury Tales" to please himself. He was delicate and fanciful when he wrote for the nobles; great when he appealed to his own middle class. We keep his memory to-day, not as the fashioner of delicate porcelain figures of knighthood, but as the creator of those strong English beings of flesh and blood, brain and muscle.

Literature.

### GULLS, GANNETS, AND SHAGS.

"The gull is the fisherman's friend; he is the best of huers," is an aphorism of the Cornish fisherfolk. Now a "huer" is a person stationed on some commanding eminence, overlooking the fishing ground, to raise the hue and cry

on the approach of shoals of pilchards. He is selected because of his keenness of sight, decision of character, shrewd judgment, and knowledge of the ways of fishes. A gull, therefore, is placed by the fisherman, both for wisdom and



utility, on a level with the most trusty member of his own craft. Not only gulls, but also gannets, shags (or cormorants), and other sea-birds follow shoals of herrings and pilchards, and so give warning of their presence. No spectacle is more pleasant to the eyes of a Cornish fisherman than that of a dark patch of water over which the gulls are hovering, and into which the great gannets are diving from the height of a hundred feet with the velocity of a thunderbolt. He knows that that "color" betokens millions of pilchards, the capture of which will ensure bread-and-butter for all the succeeding winter. When a large shoal has been enclosed, it is the custom to anchor the seine and to take out of it every day as many pilchards as can be conveniently salted. The birds, like the human beings, take out of the net daily as many as they require, and when it has been emptied by the repeated drain, are the first to become aware of the fact and depart. "No wings, no fins; no feathers above, no scales beneath," is the maxim of the fisherman.

It is pleasant to know that the gull is as much indebted to the fisherman as the fisherman is to the gull. Wherever fish are cut up for bait there is always a supply of heads, tails, bones, and entrails, and these the gulls immediately pounce upon and fight over; and, with an eye to these relics, they patiently follow fishing-boats for miles. A fisherman who leaves his boat with fish on board unprotected and uncovered is neither surprised nor angry to find that the gulls have come to the conclusion that it was intended for them. Occasionally the practice of taking what they want without asking leads to unpleasant results. The other day the Land's End fishermen moored a big boat off the Cove which had been used to carry pilchards from the seine to the shore. Pilchards were abundant, and therefore many were left behind in the

corners of the boat. These the gulls scrambled for and wrangled over; and, when their meal was ended, peacefully departed. At least, so thought the fishermen; but what was their astonishment on reaching the scene of the banquet to find half a score of the guests in the bottom of the boat, flapping their wings in helpless distress. They had eaten so much that they could not fly!

The morals of gulls are often as unsatisfactory as their manners; and they not only quarrel over the food they find, but also steal without shame, both from friends and strangers. A thrifty dog, for instance, which lays in a store of savory bones as a provision for the future, soon finds that it is easier to store bones than to keep them. Gulls have no old-fashioned respect for the rights of property, and, therefore, lay their heads together, and concoct a plan by which the bones may be "conveyed" from the dog to themselves. A dozen thieves pitch upon adjacent rocks and pretend to go to sleep, while one of their number seizes a bone, in the face of day and in defiance of the owner's rights. Naturally, the dog represents this robbery, and pursues the receding gull with fierce barks to the very edge of the cliff, and then returns in triumph with the bone in his mouth. Alas for his feelings! He finds when he gets back that all the other bones have departed in company with the sleeping gulls. A fisherman threw the backbone of a sand-eel from a wharf at Sennen Cove not long ago, and a poor old hen immediately left off scratching the sand, and seized the meagre but savory morsel. It was hers, and she had a right to pick her bone in peace. But a greedy gull, whose sharp eyes had seen the old lady eagerly pounce upon her prize, thinking otherwise, first bounced down behind her so as to make her flesh creep, and then, while her timid glance seemed to say, "Please, Mr. Gull, don't

take my little bone," the shameless thief gave a yell of derision and carried it off. Jackdaws love potatoes; and, having no great reverence for the Eighth Commandment, take them when they have the opportunity. Gulls seeing the black robbers with the stolen property in their beaks, wax very indignant, use language unfit for publication, deprive them of their ill-gotten gains, and then fight among themselves for the largest potatoes. Gannets, like gulls, occasionally fall victims to their appetites. Last winter a score of these noble white birds espied a shoal of sand-eels near the shore of Whitesand Bay, between Cape Cornwall and the Land's End, and began, as usual, to dive after them; soaring up to a great height, then wheeling head downwards so that the wind might strike the under side of their wings and give the needed velocity, and finally closing the wings before the tremendous plunge. There was a heavy ground sea breaking on the shore, which the gannets in their eagerness to feed on the sand-eels failed to take into account. Pursuing the fishes right into the surf, they boldly dived, and as they rose to the surface with their prey in their mouths, were struck and almost stunned by a big wave. Before they could recover their breath another and yet another wave thundered upon them, and at last they were stranded and at the mercy of the young fishermen who were attracted to the spot by the novel spectacle.

Gulls have shorter wings than gannets, but they are not less adept in the use of them. Both the beautiful black-winged species and the common gulls are excellent flyers, as every one must confess who has witnessed their movements in a gale of wind. With their wings bending before the violence of the gale, but without the slightest actual beat, they sail swiftly to windward, then sweep around in a grand curve and up again, on apparently tire-

less pinions, in the teeth of the blast, until one is compelled to believe that the storm is merely their plaything. Shags, in comparison to gannets and gulls, are ineffective and clumsy on the wing. Their flight is short, and usually not far above the surface of the water, and the way in which they stretch their long necks in front gives them an ungainly appearance. When in the sea they have some difficulty in getting out again, and only after skimming along the surface for several yards, to the tune of resounding smacks with their wings, are they able to rise into the air. Boys sometimes take advantage of this initial difficulty to torment the bird by placing it with its short legs on a level piece of ground, and interposing their own mischievous bodies between it and the sea. Shags, however, if unmolested, take care not to subject themselves to this indignity, always alighting on abrupt rocks from which they can easily and gracefully jump off again. Shags dive after the fishes which form their food, but only from the surface of the water. When they dive, however, they remain below a minute or more, coming to the top only to get fresh air, or for convenience of swallowing. Fishes are not constructed entirely with a view to the comfort of the shags, and, therefore, the birds have considerable trouble in inducing such creatures as soles and eels to pass down their throats. The soles retain their flatness as long as they are able, but at last succumb to vigorous shaking and biting, and are curled up and swallowed; the eels embrace the necks of their captors with much more fervor than affection, but in time have all the curl taken out of them, and are persuaded to pass inside. As shags swallow their victuals whole, and have no foot-rule to measure the fishes they seize, it sometimes happens that the meal is too large to be stowed away, and a long and grotesque course of

twisting, stretching, and flapping has to be resorted to before comfort is attained.

Although gulls, gannets, and shags are necessarily thrown together when in quest of food, yet in their resting-places they associate for the most part with their own kind, selecting separate rocks for that preening of their feathers so characteristic of birds, and especially sea-birds. One detail of the toilet is odd. The shags dispense with bathing towels by, so to speak, hanging themselves out to dry. That is to say, they stand with their wings outstretched, waiting for the wind to remove the moisture from their dripping feathers. This spread-eagle attitude is often maintained for a quarter of an hour at a time. Even at meal-times the birds usually stand aloof from each other. This, of course, arises to a large extent from their different methods of procuring food, the gull flying well but diving little, the gannet plunging from great heights into the

*The Spectator.*

water, and the shag pursuing its prey under the surface. But when seeking the same fish shags keep at a respectful distance from their powerful relations. Eight white-winged gannets and one brown with white spots (a young bird) were performing a series of diving evolutions upon a shoal of sand-eels in the bay, to the admiration of those who saw them for the first or the hundredth time. Half a score of shags, however, obviously did not appreciate the display, for it deprived them of their dinner. Gathering together well away from the margin of the shoal, they waited with impatience and ill-concealed indignation for the gannets to finish, but they did not venture to invite themselves to the feast. Clearly they were restrained by fear rather than by politeness. It would be a heavy price to pay for a sand-eel to be impaled on the beak of a gannet falling through the air and splashing through the water like a Whitehead torpedo. So the shags waited until the gentry had dined.

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#### MY BOOK: THE STORY OF AN AUTHOR'S VANITY.

It was my first book, my only book, my ewe lamb; but it was not a "work," not an "important publication," like Mr. Lecky's "Map of Life." The reviewers did not welcome it either eagerly or seriously. Nobody gave it three columns, or even one column and a turn. It was merely included in that section which begins: "*We have also received the following*"—and here and there complimentary remarks were made on the cover, the end papers, and the title-page, which were all extremely pretty. But the inside was mine, and when my publisher informed me that the volume had been sent to the Book Section of the Paris Exhibition, as an example of

his "choicest publications," I determined that, come what might, I would visit Paris and see it. Just think! Somewhere in that mighty place, where sixty millions of souls were expected; somewhere, under a glass case, gazed at by a maximum of one hundred and twenty millions of eyes, was my book, my ewe lamb. It was thrilling.

I could only spare one day—going and returning by the night boat. I began foolishly, without studying map, or plan, or guide. Anglo-Saxon arrogance prompted me to cast myself at the doors, and find my way, by instinct and by questions, to the Book Section. It was raining as I entered the great

gate at the Place de la Concorde, and, throwing an approving eye on the horticultural exhibits, sought shelter in the Palace of Fine Arts. I would see the pictures. Was not the whole day before me, in which to find my book? Two hours later I emerged from the pictures haunted by a French work, the size of the wall of a house, too horrible for description, where famished men and women were tearing at, and feeding upon, the dying bodies of other famished men and women. I looked around. The day was still young; to my right bubbled the Seine, palaces upon her banks: before me, white and wide, stretched the noble Pont Alexandre III, and beyond, bright even under a leaden sky, the stucco, pretentious palaces of Various Industries stretched like a bodyguard of stage soldiers towards the sombre dome that covers Napoleon's tomb. Across the Seine, around and beyond the Eiffel Tower, like a city seen from a train, clustered a heterogeneous mass of domes, spires and minarets. And somewhere in this splendid confusion, in some cloistral corner, protected by a glass case, gazed at by a percentage of one hundred and twenty million eyes, was my book. I did not hurry towards it. Such a rare enterprise must be approached calmly. The fine perceptions of the infrequent author forbade me to show even to myself the eager vanity that I felt. So, I crossed the river, and turned into the Street of Nations, where I roamed through the houses of Spain, Germany, and Austria, but not Great Britain, for on the door was posted this notice: "Closed in wet weather." Dear England!

Then I lunched, and later asked the way to the Book Section. It was near the Swiss Village, I was told, hard by the Chateau d'Eau. The Naval and Military Exhibits beguiled me for fifteen minutes; but, although I turned my face resolutely from Commercial

Navigation, and Forests Hunting and Fishing, the Optical Palace beat me. I stayed there half-an-hour, and I also succumbed to Guatemala. In Civil Engineering I again asked my way, and, alas! was wrongly directed, for at four o'clock I found myself in the midst of Agriculture and Foods. Still three full-hours remained, and, if I denied myself dinner, I could count upon four in which to find the Book Section. Again I asked my way, and was told to retrace my steps. At Andalusia in the Time of the Moors I met a countryman who informed me, in the tone of a man who tells you that it is fine for the time of the year, that he had passed through the Book Section an hour before. "Books are not much in my line," he said, adding wearily, "I guess I've seen all I want to see." He was now going out by the Ecole Militaire gate, and as the Book Section was on the way (I am quoting him) he would very willingly show it to me. I accepted his offer gladly, but by some mischance I missed him in Mines and Metals, and never saw him again. It was now half-past five, and I began to grow a little anxious. I felt like a parent who, having promised to visit his little son at school, cannot find the town where it is situated. Somehow I had never lost faith that the Book Section was adjacent to the Swiss Village. I made that my aim. An assistant in the department where they were manufacturing Savon de Congo, to whom I applied, knew the village well; he had taken his grandfather there to see the imitation glaciers. I must cross the Champ de Mars, and go right through Means of Transport till I came to Corea; then straight on, leaving Chemical Industries on my left, till I came to Sweden. The Swiss Village was just beyond Sweden. He had not himself seen the Book Section, but no doubt the information I had already gathered on that point was correct. It was not likely, he said, with

sympathetic smile, that the Paris Exhibition would be without a Book Section. An assistant from the Electricity for Cooking Purposes stall, who had stood by during the discussion, concurred.

It is a salutary exercise to look back upon a critical period, and try to fix the moment when success or failure trembled in the balance. When I recall that day whereon I failed to find my little book, a failure which robbed me of what would certainly have been one of the most pleasurable incidents of my life, I reflect, I assert, that the success or failure of the enterprise quivered in the balance at the moment that I left the Savon de Congo stall. Still I do not wholly blame myself. It was by sheer ill-luck that ten minutes later I lost my way in the department devoted to Drain Pipes. Even then the day might have been won had I been firm enough to cut across the Champ de Mars, and make for Corea, as the Savon de Congo assistant had suggested. But I was beguiled—you must remember I was very tired—by one of those delightful moving staircases. You step on to a piece of cocoanut matting, and are carried easily and gracefully—somewhere—you do not know whither, but you are very conscious that it is without effort on your part. I was carried into a high gallery and gently landed into a section devoted to the Limbs of Man in wax, on which were indicated, with unflinching realism, the various wounds that peace and war inflict upon the body. Accompanying each wound was a model in wax of the surgeon's hands showing the method of first aid to the injured. That section was my Tugela. I stayed there half an hour, and for another quarter of an hour my wanton eyes feasted themselves on a series of exquisite bathrooms. From this contemplation I was aroused to the sense of my folly by the sound of shouting.

The Academy.

Hastening downstairs, every fibre of my being strained at last to the accomplishment of the enterprise which had called me to the Exhibition, I made my way by Shetland Wool, through an audience who were watching a troop of Spanish dancers, and so out into the Champ de Mars. What was this? The whole enormous place was filled with a dense crowd of shouting, excited people. Bands were playing, flags were waving, and down the centre marched a great procession of triumphal cars on which nymphs shivered. Following came arbors of vine leaves, and capering figures of rotund men, with jolly red faces, accompanied by fair Bacchantes from the second row of the ballet. It was the *fête* of the Vine Industry. In a glance I saw all that it meant to me. Till the procession had passed and returned it was impossible to cross the Champ de Mars, and across the Champ de Mars was the Swiss Village and—and the Book Section. I tried. I pushed here, I wheedled there, I doubled in my tracks only to be stopped by a cordon of police. The procession gathered volume, more bands played, the crowd increased, surrounded me. I could not move backwards or forwards. I could have cried. Not till seven o'clock was the way clear. That left me a bare two hours to return to my hotel, pack, have dinner and catch the nine o'clock train. I determined to forego my dinner and make one more attempt. I crossed the Champ de Mars, ran like a hare through Agriculture and Foods, and saw, and saw, in the distance something that must have been intended to represent a mountain, and nearer at hand, a little to the right, tall glass cases that looked as if they contained books. They were being covered with brown holland wrappers. I ran towards them. An official raised his hand. "Monsieur is too late," he said.



# The Living Age.—Supplement.

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## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

### POLITICAL IMPRACTICABLES.\*

People are apt to speak as if in political life, public life, it ought to be a mere case of striving upward—striving toward a high peak. The simile is inexact. Every man who is striving to do good public work is travelling along a ridge crest, with the gulf of failure on each side—the gulf of inefficiency on one side, the gulf of unrighteousness on the other. All kinds of forces are continually playing on him, to shove him first into one gulf and then into the other; and even a wise and good man, unless he braces himself with uncommon firmness and foresight, as he is pushed this way and that, will find that his course becomes a pronounced zigzag instead of a straight line; and if it becomes too pronounced he is lost, no matter to which side the zigzag may take him. Nor is he lost only as regards his own career. What is far more serious, his power of doing useful service to the public is at an end. He may still, if a mere politician, have political place, or, if a make-believe reformer, retain that notoriety on which his vanity feeds. But in either case his usefulness to the community has ceased.

The man who sacrifices everything to efficiency needs but a short shrift in a discussion like this. The abler he is, the more dangerous he is to the community. The master and typical repre-

sentative of a great municipal organization recently stated under oath that "he was in politics for his pocket every time." This put in its baldest and most cynically offensive shape the doctrine upon which certain public men act. It is not necessary to argue its iniquity with those who have advanced any great distance beyond the brigand theory of political life. Some years ago another public man enunciated much the same doctrine in the phrase, "The Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no part in political life." Such statements openly made imply a belief that the public conscience is dull; and where the men who make them continue to be political leaders, the public has itself to thank for all shortcomings in public life.

The man who is constitutionally incapable of working for practical results ought not to need a much longer shrift. In every community there are little knots of fantastic extremists who loudly proclaim that they are striving for righteousness, and who, in reality, do their feeble best for unrighteousness. Just as the upright politician should hold in peculiar scorn the man who makes the name of politician a reproach and a shame, so the genuine reformer should realize that the cause he champions is especially jeopardized by the mock reformer who does what he can to make reform a laughing-stock among decent men.

\* *The Strenuous Life.* By Theodore Roosevelt. Copyright, 1900. The Century Co. Price \$1.50.

A caustic observer once remarked that when Dr. Johnson spoke of patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel, "he was ignorant of the infinite possibilities contained in the word 'reform.' " The sneer was discreditable to the man who uttered it, for it is no more possible to justify corruption by railing at those who, by their conduct, throw scandal upon the cause of reform, than it is to justify treason by showing that men of shady character frequently try to cover their misconduct by fervent protestations of love of country. Nevertheless, the fact remains that exactly as true patriots should be especially jealous of any appeal to what is base under the guise of patriotism, so men who strive for honesty, and for the cleansing of what is corrupt in the dark places of our politics, should emphatically dissociate themselves from the men whose antics throw discredit upon the reforms they profess to advocate.

These little knots of extremists are found everywhere, one type flourishing chiefly in one locality and another type in another. In the particular objects they severally profess to champion they are as far asunder as the poles, for one of their characteristics is that each little group has its own patent receipt for salvation and pays no attention whatever to the other little groups; but in mental and moral habit they are fundamentally alike. They may be socialists of twenty different types, from the followers of Tolstoi down and up, or they may ostensibly champion some cause in itself excellent, such as temperance or municipal reform, or they may merely with comprehensive vagueness announce themselves as the general enemies of what is bad, of corruption, machine politics and the like. Their policies and principles are usually mutually exclusive; but that does not alter the conviction which each feels, or affects to feel, that his particular group is the real vanguard of the army of reform.

Of course, as the particular groups are all marching in different directions, it is not possible for more than one of them to be the vanguard. The others, at best, must be off to one side, and may possibly be marching the wrong way in the rear; and, as a matter of fact, it is only occasionally that any one of them is in the front. There are in each group many entirely sincere and honest men, and because of the presence of these men we are too apt to pay some of their associates the unmerited compliment of speaking of them also as honest but impracticable. As a matter of fact, the typical extremist of this kind differs from the practical reformer, from the public man who strives in practical fashion for decency, not at all in superior morality, but in inferior sense. He is not more virtuous; he is less virtuous. He is merely more foolish. When Wendell Phillips denounced Abraham Lincoln as "the slave-hound of Illinois," he did not show himself more virtuous than Lincoln, but more foolish. Neither did he advance the cause of human freedom. When the contest for the Union and against slavery took on definite shape, then he and his kind were swept aside by the statesmen and soldiers, like Lincoln and Seward, Grant and Farragut, who alone were able to ride the storm. Great as is the superiority in efficiency of the men who do things over those who do not, it may be no greater than their superiority in morality. In addition to the simple and sincere men who have a twist in their mental make-up, these knots of enthusiasts contain, especially among their leaders, men of morbid vanity, who thirst for notoriety, men who lack power to accomplish anything if they go in with their fellows to fight for results, and who prefer to sit outside and attract momentary attention by denouncing those who are really forces for good.

In every community in our land there

are many hundreds of earnest and sincere men, clergymen and laymen, reformers who strive for reform in the field of politics, in the field of philanthropy, in the field of social life; and we could count on the fingers of one hand the number of times these men have been really aided in their efforts by the men of the type referred to in the preceding paragraph. The socialist who raves against the existing order is not the man who ever lifts his hand practically to make our social life a little better, to make the conditions that bear upon the unfortunate a little easier; the man who demands the immediate impossible in temperance is not the man who ever aids in an effort to minimize the evils caused by the saloon; and those who work practically for political reform are hampered, so far as they are affected at all, by the strutting vanity of the professional impracticables.

It is not that these little knots of men accomplish much of a positive nature that is objectionable, for their direct influence is inconsiderable; but they do have an undoubted indirect effect for bad, and this of a double kind. They affect for evil a certain number of decent men in one way and a certain number of equally decent men in an entirely different way. Some decent men, following their lead, withdraw themselves from the active work of life, whether social, philanthropic or political, and by the amount they thus withdraw from the forces of good they strengthen the forces of evil, as, of course, it really makes no difference whether we lessen the numerator or increase the denominator.

Other decent men are so alienated by such conduct that in their turn they abandon all effort to fight for reform, believing reformers to be either hypocrites or fools. Both of these phenomena are perfectly familiar to every active politician who has striven for decency, and to every man who has stud-

ied history in an intelligent way. Few things hurt a good cause more than the excesses of its nominal friends.

Fortunately, most extremists lack the power to commit dangerous excesses. Their action is nominally as abortive as that of the queer abolitionist group who, in 1864, nominated a candidate against Abraham Lincoln, when he was running for re-election to the Presidency. The men entering this movement represented all extremes, moral and mental. Nominally they opposed Lincoln because they did not feel that he had gone far enough in what they deemed the right direction,—had not been sufficiently extreme,—and they objected to what they styled his opportunism, his tendency to compromise, his temporizing conduct, and his being a practical politician. In reality, of course, their opposition to Lincoln was conditioned, not upon what Lincoln had done, but upon their own natures.

They were incapable of strongly supporting a great constructive statesman in a great crisis; and this not because they were too virtuous, but because they lacked the necessary common sense and power of subordination of self to enable them to work disinterestedly with others for the common good. Their movement, however, proved utterly abortive, and they had no effect even for evil. The sound, wholesome common sense of the American people fortunately renders such movements as a rule, innocuous; and this is, in reality, the prime reason why republican government prospers in America, as it does not prosper, for instance, in France.

With us these little knots of impracticables have an insignificant effect upon the national life, and no representation to speak of in our governmental assemblies. In France, where the nation has not the habit of self-government, and where the national spirit is more vola-

tile and less sane, each little group grows until it becomes a power for evil, and, taken together, all the little groups give

to French political life its curious, and by no means elevating, kaleidoscopic character.

### THE BLANKIT-DOLE.\*

"'Twould be a cruel pity to annoy her, the crathur, the last Christmas she'll put in wid us; and the Blankit-dole was always what she took a quare surprisin' plisure in. So about play-actin' it agin we are—if Rebecca was twice as cross."

"Play-acting?" said Dr. Furlong.

"A pair of blankits," said Julia, "and a pound of tay, and a half-crown—that's what four and twinty poor people out of this parish 'ud be getting up here every Christmas Eve time out of mind. And the Misthress herself disthributin' the gifts to aich one of them here in the book-room, and she sittin' queenly there in the big chair. But upon me word, sir, it cost a powerful sight of money. There was three pounds wint in the half-crowns alone; and the tay 'ud come to maybe half as much agin—tay's chapened these times—and the blankits were a terrible price, terrible. 'Twouldn't be much short of a dozen guineas altogether. So when the Family got ruinated a while back, how would she be affordin' it at all? And she all the while, mind you, never thinkin' of anythin' bein' diff'rint to what they was used to, and considerin' belike the bills got ped as natural as the laves come out on the trees, just a while sooner or later, accordin' as may happen. But it's fairly distracted I was, schemin' and conthrin', till this time three year ago I made up

a sort of plan in me mind how to manage rightly. See here, sir."

She twitched the Doctor by the sleeve toward a little round table in an obscure nook behind the screen. On it stood a dark-purple grocer's parcel, with a silver coin stuck in the twine, and a white soft-looking bundle, which displayed a border of shaded brown.

"I made a shift," she said, "to get the one pair of blankits—I couldn't tell you the shilling's they stood me in—and the pound of tay, and the half-crown. And thin I wint round to the people, and I explained to them the way it was with the Family, and that the Misthress couldn't be annoyed about it, and what themselves had a right to do. So now there she does the sittin' in the big chair wid the ould foldin'-screen behind her to keep off draughts, for 'fraid she might notice anythin'; and here I have the pair of blankits and all convenient to hand to her. And in comes, maybe, Pather Connolly, or Biddy Lynch, or the Widdy Kilkelly, and up to the front of the chair he steps, and makes his best bow, or drops her curtsey accordin'. And the Misthress gives him the bundle I'm after handin' her—sure she'd never think to ax where it come from, no more than if it was a cloud out of the sky—and then it's 'Long life to your Ladyship,' and 'Heaven be your bed,' and 'You're very welcome, Pather,' and this way and that way, and off wid him round the screen. But at the back of it here, out of sight, sure he just hands what she gave him over to me agin,

\* From *The Land of the Shamrock*. By Jane Barlow. Copyright 1903, Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.

the way we'd have it ready for the next body come, same as if we had ones a-piece for them all, and no trouble whate'er."

"Oh! I see," said Dr. Furlong. "Then this blanket's doing duty for the third year."

"Troth it is," Julia said, patting it with a kind of furtive pride, "and nobody could tell but it was fresh out of the shop. I folded it other side out this mornin', and gave it a tie wid a new bit of the pink tape. 'Have they sent the blankits of a good quality, Julia?' sez the Misthress to me only yesterday. 'Iligant, ma'am,' sez I; 'the very same as last year.' And it's the identical half-crown, too. But the packet of tay's new," she explained, regretfully, "for that omadhawn, Thady Gahan, last year let it fall and burst the bottom out of it. Be good luck there was nobody to come after him. But I thought Judy Molloy had us destroyed; for she come one of the first, and if she did, she took and dhropped the half-crown, that rowled itself into a crevice near the door—and sorra another one in the house I well knew—only John Egan roked it out wid his stick. It's a good plan, bedad."

"Well, it's ingenious, no doubt," said Dr. Furlong; "but it seems rather hard on the people."

"Oh, thim," said Julia, "set thim up; it's the laist they may do for the poor Misthress. And willin' and reasonable enough they mostly are, I'll say that for them. It's only Rebecca Moriarty does be cross, and talkin' quare about the family, as if I'd be doin' anythin' agin it. 'Tis the best plan of all."

"I suppose you must go through with it now, at any rate," said the Doctor, "and the sooner the better, for the people in the hall seem to be getting a little impatient."

"I'm only waitin' for the Misthress to be callin' them up," said Julia. "She'll be here directly. 'Twas Rebecca's fan-

tigues delayed us. But there's one thing, sir, I'm a trifle onaisy about. It's the Widdy Langan from the ould back lodge has come up wid herself; I heard her voice below. And she's a little ould ancient body not over ansible in her mind. Apt she might be to get risin' a disturbance on us, if she's axed to give up the blankit, not rightly understandin'; and then I dunno what 'ud happen at all at all. Musha, good gracious! here's the Misthress herself"—a door at the other end of the room was opening. "'Twould be a rale charity, now, sir, if you'd keep an eye on the ould body," Julia said in a hurry, "and purvint her by any means of comin' up wid the first: 'twouldn't matter as much if she was nigh to the ind of thim."

"All right," Dr. Furlong said, and he took up a position near the door, though he was puzzled to know how he would carry out these instructions.

Meanwhile, tall and thin Miss Valance, whose high-capped grizzled head looked the gaunter because it rose from among the softness of a fleecy white shawl, settled herself in the big square-outlined chair, shaking out the somewhat skimpy folds of a black satin skirt which the shivering candle-light burnished gloomily; and Julia going to the head of the stairs, called down them: "Come along up wid yous out of that, aisy and quiet."

A loud clumping on the stairs, mixed with the flip-flap of bare feet, followed this injunction immediately, as if put in motion by a spring; and presently the procession came filing in, mostly old women and men. Dr. Furlong watched the proceedings from a corner near the door. They seemed to be carried on with no serious hitch. The presentations were made with all the forms and ceremonies, and the gifts were promptly surrendered by each recipient in turn to Julia, ambushed behind the scenes. Dinny Blake did make some sportive feints of being about to pocket the half-



crown, but desisted at once upon Julia's passionately whispered appeal to him to "behave himself like a dacent Christian;" and though she fidgetted uneasily through Miss Valance's exhortation to Joe Rea on the inadvisability of parting with any of his coin at M'Evoys, the irony in his undertaking to "alt ivery pinny of it that he spint on drink" was quite unsuspected by the person addressed. Nor was there perceptible any false ring in Bridget Toler's fervent promise to "be prayin' for all the Valances every night of her life as long as she had a thraneen of thim illigant blankits above her."

These things were interesting Dr. Furlong when he was tardily reminded of his special commission by the sight of a small old wizened woman pushing her way eagerly to the front, amid encouragement from the bystanders, who bade her "come along wid herself," and one another "be lettin' the Widdy Langan pass." He hastily tried to interpose with some retarding suggestions, but it was too late, and she slipped by him at a tottering trot, in her ancestral cloak, so much too ample for her that whenever she stood still it made a black frill around her on the floor, towards which it seemed to be dragging her down. Julia had thus no alternative but to hand her mistress the Widdy's bundle, but as she did so she made signals of distress to the Doctor, seeming to implore his aid in counteracting the evil effects of its bestowal.

Accordingly when the little Widdy reappeared behind the screen, gleefully hugging her parcels, she was met by two people who were cruelly bent on inducing her to part from her newly acquired prize. Such a proposal very sadly shocked and grieved the Widdy; nor could arguments, explanations, ca-

joleries and promises aught avail to recommend it. They were all responded to by plaintive "Ah, no's!" growing shriller and more querulous with each reiteration, until at last another voice, also high-pitched and quavering, called impatiently to inquire why nobody came; whereupon Julia, with a distracted mien, ran round the screen to account for the delay as plausibly as she could. To Dr. Furlong the case had assumed a very hopeless complexion, when an ally joined him in the person of one Mrs. M'Ateere, the little Widdy's good-natured and portly niece, whose coaxing and *sluthering*, reinforced by a couple of the Doctor's not over-abundant florins, at length detached the lingering grasp lothfully from the property bundle. Yet even then she tottered away so evidently so very much less than half consoled, that he felt inhuman and remorseful as he sped to Julia with his spoil.

In the act of delivering it to her he started violently, and all but let it drop; the cause, his having suddenly become aware, with an unaccountable degree of astonishment, that the big white and fawn-colored dog was in the room. The beast was lying close to Miss Valance's feet, conspicuous even in that dim light against her dark gown, stretched lazily, with his heavy forepaws crossed, and his wide red mouth open.

"What is it, sir?" Julia asked.

"Oh, nothing," he answered, "only I hadn't noticed that the dog was there."

Julia flung up her hands. "The saints be good to us!—the dog!—where is it at all?"

But at this moment Miss Valance rose up stiffly and feebly. I think, Julia," she said, "I'll now leave the rest of the distribution to you."

## BACK FROM THE POLE.\*

Svend Hansen most incomprehensibly made no capital out of his expedition to the North Pole; he disdained to become a millionaire. His brilliant fame seemed burdensome, his tremendous popularity actually detestable to him.

He avoided it all; he had never sought his fellow-men, now he fled from them. He concealed himself in the deepest solitude, in the wilderness. He crept away from mankind, like a wounded animal that goes into the woods to die.

The famous Polar explorer lived in his home, the house of the poor mountain peasant on the lofty fjeld, where only the pallid reindeer-moss thrived. His fare was more simple than the day-laborer's on a little farm. The savage nature surrounding them had weighed upon his parents' minds like a heavy burden of care; they scarcely understood that their son was unlike other men.

The latter led a singular life. As if the solitude was not lonely enough, he often left the house, and wandered through the loftiest peaks of the rocky desert, or he went far down, down to the slopes, where he threw himself on the grass and lay motionless for hours, with his face pressed against the green earth as he had done at the time of his arrival at the Varanger Fjord. Or he crouched on some lofty cliff, gazing absently into the air. He never went to church, or visited the parsonage where Maren Allmers lived.

Sigurd Eckdal's betrothed bride had become still more beautiful; there was something terrible in the loveliness of her white face and magnificent red-gold hair. Not a feature of the wan countenance changed its expression, but a fe-

verish fire, as mysterious as the glitter of the Northern Lights, gleamed in her steel-blue eyes. She was slender and delicate, yet not at all girlish. No, Sigurd Eckdal's betrothed was like a woman; nay, more, she was like a widow.

No, Svend Hansen did not come to Maren Allmers, though he thought of nothing else, not even of his world-wide fame, not even of the horrible flight of the Eagle, first steadily northward, then constantly toward the east, always toward the east. He did not even think of his companion, neither of his plunge into the depths, that last deed of Sigurd Eckdal, nor of his grave in the midst of the Arctic ice. He thought of nothing except Maren Allmers, and that he had loved her from childhood, that he had worked and starved for her sake, that she had been his before that other came, that she would now have been his own, his wife, had not that other come and robbed him of her.

And Svend Hansen, whether he was wandering over the cliffs, or lying on the grass with his face pressed against the ground, or crouching on the rocky bluff above the fjord gazing northward, thought that sooner or later the day must come when Sigurd Eckdal's betrothed bride would be Svend Hansen's wife.

For his wife she must be. This had been his resolve from boyhood; he had determined upon it long before Sigurd Eckdal's last deed, and he was a man to execute his will.

To execute his will, and make Sigurd Eckdal's bride his wife, he had lived through that time on the Arctic ice, that horrible time, horrible beyond all imagination. It needed more than mortal strength to experience such things and remain sane. Well, he had possessed

\**Sigurd Eckdal's Bride.* By Richard Voss. Translated by Mary J. Safford. Copyright, 1900. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.

this superhuman strength—for Maren Allmers's sake.

Never before had man so loved a woman.

\* \* \* \* \*

It seemed as if a spell emanated from Svend's mighty will, which acted even at a distance and worked miracles. For it resembled a miracle that, when Svend did not come to the parsonage, Maren Allmers went up to the fjeld, to his parents' home.

When she appeared there the first time, and Svend saw her approach, a tremor ran through the man's whole frame. Then he felt strangely calm; a profound peace stole over him, as if he had accomplished what he willed, and Maren had now become his, "for time and eternity."

With this feeling of absolute quietude he went toward her, as though her coming to the fjeld was something perfectly natural, and he had been expecting her a long time.

"You are here, Maren."

"Yes, I am here."

"It is a long climb up to the fjeld. But you care nothing for that."

"No, nothing."

"Yes, yes, that is like you. You are strong, even though you look so delicate and dainty. Won't you go into the house?"

She would not go into the house. So he walked with her through the mountain valley in which the white reindeer moss looked like a light fall of snow, so that even in the midst of summer it had a wintry aspect.

After they had walked for some time in silence, Svend stopped, gazed steadily at Maren, and asked,—

"Why do you come?"

He knew very well why she had come; but he wished to hear it from her own lips.

"I could not help coming."

"You could not help it."

"You must tell me something about

Sigurd Eckdal's last moments. You said nothing at that time."

"You asked nothing then. But I thought you would come and question me."

"Yes, now I will come and question you. I could not speak of it before; now I can. You must tell me everything about his last days, every moment of them."

He had been preparing for her questioning ever since Sigurd Eckdal's plunge to death, and considering every word of his reply. Sometimes he had repeated his answer aloud, word for word.

While drifting through the air alone after Sigurd Eckdal's fall, while dragging his sledge over the hills of the pack ice, during his whole Arctic life he had pondered over the answer which he must some day give Sigurd Eckdal's betrothed bride. He had studied it word for word. That ever-frozen region, the white Arctic summer world, the black night of winter, the misty twilight and the fiery sun of the Aurora Borealis heard those words,—the first sounds of a human voice which had ever echoed in that domain. He learned his answer by heart, as a schoolboy learns the alphabet. And yet—when the long-expected visitor suddenly stood before him with her white Valkyrie face, framed like the halo of a martyred saint by her golden hair, speech almost failed him.

He bit his lips till they bled, and summoned all his courage and force of will, as though a life struggle was impending. To hear whether his voice was under his control, he asked:

"Are you always thinking of it?"

"Of what else should I think? How did he seem during his last days, his last hours?"

She had sat down on a rock, and was gazing at him as though she would fain read the words from his lips, draw them from his inmost heart with her eyes.

She was bending forward as if to meet his answer.

"How did he seem?"

"Just as only Sigurd Eckdal could seem."

He had learned to utter the name too. It had cost him a long time and much labor to say "Sigurd Eckdal" loudly, calmly and slowly. It was fortunate that there had been no one on these heights to hear him trying again and again to say "Sigurd Eckdal" in a loud, calm tone.

"As only Sigurd Eckdal could seem."

He forced himself to repeat the name loudly and calmly, feeling how her eyes were striving to pierce the depths of his soul.

Maren seemed to have expected a different utterance of the name. His great composure evidently surprised her. Then she mechanically repeated,—

"As only he could seem. . . . He could be so radiant, so exultant, so secure of victory. So long as the wind remained favorable, he was undoubtedly all these things. But when it changed, when it constantly drove the balloon eastward, how did he appear then?"

"Just as he only could seem: Sigurd Eckdal."

The same slow, loud utterance, the same absolute composure.

"Surely he wished to rule the wind," cried Maren, "wished to force it by his will to bear the Eagle northward? The wind was to obey his will. . . . Speak!"

"He did desire it," replied Svend. "But his will did not avail. And then the mists came, and neither sky nor earth could be seen. It was so black that neither of us could see the other's face."

"You could not see his face when he despaired?"

"I saw nothing but dark, driving mist. For days I saw nothing else. For long, long days,"

Maren groaned aloud. . . . After a pause she again asked,—

"What did you say to each other?"

"Very little. Rarely a word."

"For days, in the midst of those black, driving clouds of mist, rarely a word?"

"What should we have said to each other?"

"Did you not try to encourage him? Say that the wind would surely change, must change? That you would certainly drive northward? Did you not entreat him to hold out, to wait, hope and believe,—believe in himself? For so long as a man believes in himself, he cannot despair, and only a despairing man could do what he did at last. Did you leave him to his despair,—you who were to aid and protect him,—that you might avenge yourself upon us? Answer."

"I could not help him."

"Why not?"

"Sigurd Eckdal was a man who could not be helped when he could no longer help himself. Surely you knew him."

"I did not know him."

"What?"

"The Sigurd Eckdal whom I knew would never have killed himself."

"When the wind remained constantly unfavorable, when we were steadily driven eastward, he at last ceased to be Sigurd Eckdal."

Maren said:

"Then he lost faith in himself, and, when he did that, he lost faith in everything. When he believed in nothing, despair seized him, and as a despairing man he accomplished the act. Was it so?"

"It was."

"You could not restrain him?"

"He was standing close beside me. Suddenly the place beside me was empty."

"Suddenly the place beside you was empty, suddenly the place beside you was empty."

She repeated the terrible sentence again and again.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Academy apologizes for devoting nearly the whole of one issue to works of fiction, explaining that it receives, on the average, twenty novels a week in the season, and the production increases each year. It adds that the inference is that a vast number of people read novels and nothing else, which it does not regard as an encouraging thought.

The recent death of George Dolby, Dickens's private secretary, and press agent during the Dickens readings, has called out many interesting reminiscences both of Dickens and his faithful attendant. A new edition of Dolby's "Charles Dickens as I Knew Him" is promised. Dolby's own end was pathetic. He died penniless at the Fulham Infirmary, and the verdict of the inquest held upon him gave the cause of death as "Bronchitis, accelerated by self-neglect."

Among the many stories of newspaper life which have entertained magazine readers within the last four or five years, there has been none cleverer than "The Bread Line," by Albert Bigelow Paine. Dedicated to "Those Who have Started Papers, to Those Who have Thought of Starting Papers, and to Those Who are Thinking of Starting Papers," it appeals to a numerous constituency. The experiences of the four friends who attempt to make their fortunes out of the "Whole Family," with its premium list ranging from a bicycle to a Bible, are not the less amusing for an obvious resemblance between their venture and certain *bona fide* sheets much in the public eye. When so much "light reading" is heavy, it is a real pleasure to come upon a skit like this. The Century Co.

The two latest volumes in Small, Maynard & Co.'s series of "Beacon Biographies" are devoted to Stonewall Jackson and Sam Houston—the first written by Carl Hovey and the second by Sarah Barnwell Elliott. Both, but especially the sketch of Sam Houston, are good specimens of what may be done in condensed biography, without any sacrifice of picturesqueness or color. To the companion series of "Westminster Biographies," which opened with Mr. Arthur Waugh's sketch of Robert Browning some time ago, there is added an appreciative and well-proportioned little biography of John Wesley by Frank Banfield. Many a reader, wearied with dull and pretentious biographies of portentous proportions will welcome these modest and readable little books.

This is pre-eminently a Chaucer year; and the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the poet's death has quickened interest in his writings and in his life. To the various critical, biographical and descriptive studies and articles called forth by this occasion, there is now added, from the press of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., a complete edition of his works, in two rich and stately volumes. Professor Lounsbury of Yale furnishes an introduction, which adds to certain biographical and critical particulars some hints as to the reading of Chaucer which are calculated to make the text less formidable. The poems are printed in double columns, in clear type, and there is a very satisfactory Glossarial Index. The volumes are substantially and tastefully bound.

"The Private Memoirs of Madame Roland" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) revives for present-day readers one of the most



thrilling personal records of the convulsions through which France passed during the latter part of the eighteenth century. They were written by Madame Roland while in prison and in the very shadow of the guillotine, yet they have an ease and freshness which betray few traces of the tragic conditions under which they were penned. The present edition follows the English translation from the original edition published by Bosc, Madame Roland's friend and literary executor. This translation was published in 1795 and has long been inaccessible to most readers. The present edition is the first since that date, and it will be widely welcomed.

"Colonial Days and Ways" are treated by Helen Evertson Smith, in the attractive volume bearing that title which The Century Co. publishes, with more discrimination than is exhibited by some writers in this field. The author distinguishes between the English, Dutch and Huguenot settlers and their different modes of life, and also between the varying conditions existing among colonists of the same class at different periods. Her chief sources of information are diaries, letters, old wills and other documents to which she had access, largely relating to the fortunes of one family in its successive generations, but she has supplemented this material with facts gleaned from other sources, and out of it has found it possible to construct the family, social and political life of the several types of colonists—those from England in particular—in a series of pictures which are warm with human interest.

Written with dash and picturesqueness, with spirit and manly sympathy, Richard Harding Davis's "With Both Armies in South Africa" holds the attention of the reader, from the first

page to the last, as few of the numerous books called forth by the unhappy Boer war have the power to do. Mr. Davis was with the British force which relieved Ladysmith; later, he was in Pretoria before its capture, and with the Boer commandoes which fell back before the overwhelming British army. He learned to respect the Boer, to understand how he had been misrepresented by the sordid schemers who wanted the Transvaal for its gold, and to believe fully in the justice of the Boer cause. If the partition of Poland was a tragedy; if Russia's broken faith with Finland was a crime, some measure of human sympathy is surely due to the hapless burghers, of whose courage and piety Mr. Davis gives such vivid pictures in this volume. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Charles W. Chestnutt's two volumes of stories had roused expectations which it would not have been strange if his first novel had failed to satisfy. But "The House Behind the Cedars" shows talents for construction and character development that are not always among the gifts of the successful writer of short stories. Considered merely as fiction, the book is one of absorbing interest, while as a study of social conditions in the borderland between the white and black races, it shows the same intimate knowledge of his subject which has made Mr. Chestnutt's work so noticeable from the first. The characters of the brother and sister on whose fate the plot pivots are differentiated with a nicety which relieves the author at once from the suspicion of presenting types rather than individuals, and the minor figures are drawn with remarkable distinctness. The book combines to an unusual degree qualities which should commend it to the serious reader with those which ensure a wider popularity. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Bread Line, The: A Story of a Paper. By Albert Bigelow Paine. The Century Co. Price \$1.25.
- Chevalier de St. Denis, The. By Alice Ilgenfritz Jones. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Chinese Question, The Real. By Chester Holcombe. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Cobbler of Nimes, The. By M. Imlay Taylor. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Colonial Days and Ways. By Helen Evertson Smith. The Century Co. Price \$2.50.
- Crittenden: A Kentucky Story of Love and War. By John Fox, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.25.
- Discoverers, The World's. By William Henry Johnson. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Dr. North and His Friends. By S. Weir Mitchell. The Century Co. Price \$1.50.
- Duke of Stockbridge, The: A Romance of Shay's Rebellion. By Edward Bellamy. Silver, Burdett & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Essays, Letters, Miscellanies. By Count Lyof N. Tolstol. Thomas Y. Crowell. Price \$1.00.
- Ever Boy of the Boston Siege, The. By Edward A. Rand. A. I. Bradley & Co. Price \$1.25.
- France, A Little Tour in. By Henry James. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$3.00.
- Gavel and the Mace, The. By Frank W. Hackett. McClure, Phillips & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Herrick, Robert, Poems of. The Century Classics. The Century Co. Price \$1.00.
- House Behind the Cedars, The. By Charles W. Chestnutt. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Jacinta and Other Verses. By Howard V. Sutherland. Doxey's.
- Last Refuge, The: A Sicilian Romance. By Henry B. Fuller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Little What's His Name. La Belle Nivernaise. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Jane Minot Sedgwick. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Man with the Hoe, The. By Edwin Markham. With Illustrations by Porter Garnett. Doxey's.
- Middle Five, The. By Francis LaFlesche. Small, Maynard & Co.
- Mushrooms, Among the: A Guide for Beginners. By Ellen M. Dallas and Caroline A. Burgin. Drexel Biddle.
- Nella, The Heart of the Army. By Philip Verrill Mighels. R. F. Fenn & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Orient, The United States in the. By Charles A. Conant. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Orpheus: A Masque. By Mrs. James T. Fields. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.00.
- Penelope's Experiences. Vol. I—England. Vol. II—Scotland. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$4.00.
- Pilgrim Shore, The. By Edmund H. Garrett. Illustrated by the author. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$2.00.
- Power Through Repose. New Edition with three additional chapters. By Annie Payson Call. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.00.
- Prodigal, The. By Mary Hallock Foote. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Quicksand. By Hervey White. Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Religion of a Gentleman, The. By Charles F. Dole. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Price \$1.00.
- Russia and the Russians. By Edmund Noble. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Talmud, Wit and Wisdom of. By Madison C. Peters. The Baker & Taylor Co. Price \$1.00.
- Wanted—A Matchmaker. By Paul Leicester Ford. Illustrated by H. C. Christy. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$2.00.
- White Guard to Satan, A. By Alice Maud Elwell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Winter Garden, My. By Maurice Thompson. The Century Co. Price \$1.50.
- With Both Armies. By Richard Harding Davis. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.50.